

SPECIAL JAMAICA ISSUE

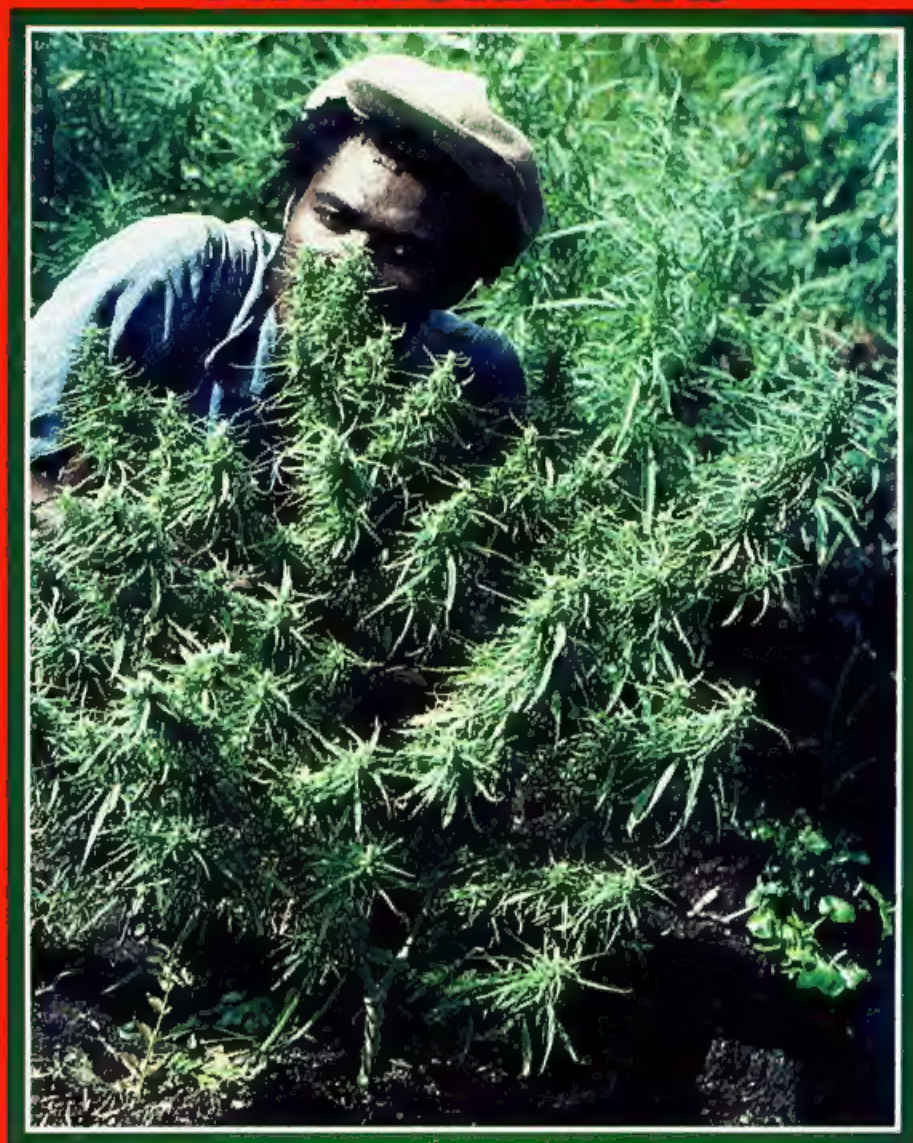
HIGH TIMES

APRIL 1983

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INTERVIEW:
PETER TOSH & BUNNY WAILER

JOHN KEEL ON DOOMSDAY,
DEBBIE HARRY, SINSE SNITCHES,
AND DR. McDOPE

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HIGH TIMES

No. 92 April '83

FEATURES

Cover photograph • Ed Rottlinger

Mountain Lays Down the Law by Josh Alan Friedman and David Rosenberg
Leslie West and Corky Laing, one-half of one of the most powerful and influential bands of the early '70s—Mountain. After struggling through the lean years, the two have recently begun touring together, and along with former Savoy Brown bassist Miller Anderson, have formed the group Law. A candid conversation with two veteran rockers who've been through it all and are going back for more

41

Centerfold: Soon Come

50

The Sinsemilla Snitches by Dean Latimer

The spectacle of economically depressed communities spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in an effort to entrap small-time sinse growers, only to have all their cases thrown out of court. The ignominy of ignorant and incompetent law-enforcement officials, who, in their frenzy to save the world from the marijuana menace, are led around by the nose by an assortment of liars, cheats and emotionally disturbed individuals. It's all here . . . in Oregon

57

Dr. McDope and the Great Cocaine Case by Ron Siegel and Pat Ryan

When the call came from the White House asking for help at the upcoming Santa Monica Cocaine Conference, Dr. McDope was standing on a bale of Peruvian coca leaves in the midst of some very serious experimentation. "I'll have to be true to the data," he exclaimed, and immediately packed his very special suitcase for the trip up the coast

61

Doom by John Keel

Throughout history, mankind has been subject to those spooky individuals who've been able to cheat on the space/time continuum and peek into the future. Some, like Nostradamus, put themselves in trances and were able to prophesy under their own steam. Others, though, are merely psychic conduits for a bunch of mischievous ultraterrestrials who'd rather tweak human noses than sit on each other's whoopee cushions in outer space

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Pot Tax Act Drafted . . . Coke Dealer Nabs Pal's Killer . . . Astronauts on Speed . . . Joker Drops Mystery Grass on Colorado Town . . . Aussies Mull State Pot Monopoly . . . Scientists Find Nature's Hypodermic . . . Florida Kith and Kin Popped . . . High-Tech Scales Burgled

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Visions Videodrome: Deborah Harry stars, David Cronenberg directs 90
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32 Interview: Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer
by Bagga Brown

The two remaining members of the original Wailers—ever since Marley died, people have been looking to them for some type of wisdom, vision or just plain magic. "I wasn't born to be a replacement," says Bunny. "Bob use his style to give his message, I have to continue with mine," says Tosh. Both say a lot more in this month's unique dual interview conducted by Jamaica's top DJ.



45 Rasta Itations
by Dakika Esrael

"Far far across the valley comes the sound of an almighty procession Zion bound. Chanting chanting Iyabid drums yunder and yant the call to redemption, Babylon doomed to fall Iyudgment to come through Ivine intervention." More inside.



52 Spliff, Splash
by John Swenson

Boasting some of the biggest names in the business, the Jamaican World Music Festival was held this past winter to honor Bob Marley and to inaugurate the Bob Marley Performance Center. Prime Minister Edward Seaga opened the three-day event with *irie* words for Marley, and reggae music in general. So how come they still won't play roots music on the radio?

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Air Speed	15mph	0mph
Humidity	40%	100%
Temp	90°	70°

LIGHT — HOW CAN 233 watts be as efficient as 1000 watts?



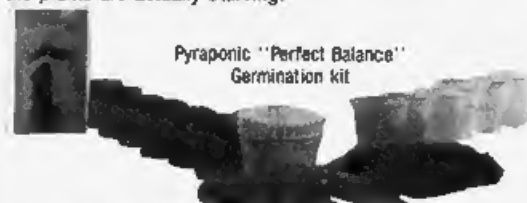
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NO ₃	08*	18✓
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P	119*	1292✓
K	134*	2020✓
Calcium	97*	5380✓
Mg	10*	534✓
Ph	6.3*	7.1✓

*Available ✓Unavailable

CANNABINOID PROFILE OF MARIJUANA*

THC is the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana. CBD and CBN determine how THC is metabolized.

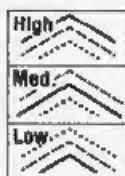
HIGH THC — psychoactivity is active, intense, shorter

LOW THC — psychoactivity is less intense, longer lasting

HIGH CBN — The older the plant, the more "dopey" the effect.

THC increases with high Phosphorus medium Nitrogen
CBD increases with high Phosphorus high Nitrogen

	Orchids	Roses	Violets
Nitrogen	Low	High	Med.
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THC —————

CBD —————

CBN —————

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IT MOVES. . .

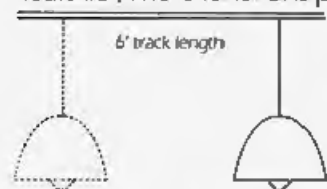
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Pat. Pend.

The only metal halide grow light system that tracks like the sun to maximize foliage development!

It took 9 long years of research and testing to develop the Solar Shuttle—a professional quality unit scaled for use by individuals who want to grow healthier, more luxuriant plants indoors.



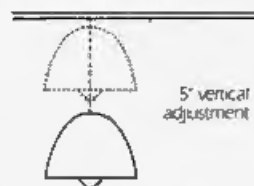
6' track length

Together, the Solar Shuttle and DayStar lamp simulate the path the sun takes and promote the growth of lower leaves. The Solar Shuttle moves the lamp

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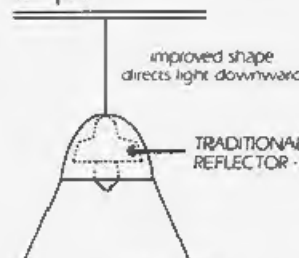
Optimum area coverage is 72 square feet, and all



5' vertical adjustment

parts are guaranteed for a full year. The 6-foot Solar Shuttle with 5-foot hanging chain can be adapted for use with an existing remote ballast fixture.

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Coked Out

Editor:

Judy Naezal's Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet (HIGH TIMES, Dec. '82) was well-targeted parody. The Johnny-and-Janey-come-latelys of the motion picture and television industry have taken what was once an occasional kick and inflated it into a national pathology. When nerds like Johnny Carson start doing cocaine jokes to be hip, the time has come to find a better way to get high.

—Michael O'Shea
Cambridge, Mass.

Just Checking

Editor:

Did you know that on page 60 of your December issue there's a picture of a man with six metal loops through his penis, a couple of gold balls hooked into his nipples, two daggers piercing his chest and a funny little ring through his nose?

—Joseph Heatherton
Reno, Nev.

Yes.—Ed.

Tattoo Talk

Editor:

In regards to your article about tattooing by Spider Webb and Marco Vassi ("Tattoo You," HIGH TIMES, Dec. '82): One thing that set this article apart from the reams of other books and material being put out on the subject today was its very honest treatment of tattoo erotica—a very sensitive subject! The full-color photo of the gentleman with the tattooed penis must have been disturbing to those of your readers who have trouble accepting simple "Mother" banner tattoos. Personally, I wouldn't have a tattoo stuck on me at gunpoint, but I've been a follower of this exciting art form for years and I'm glad to see the increased interest in this ancient craft in the last four or five years. Keep up the diversity.

—Robert Williams
North Hollywood, Calif.



It Was a Very Good Year

Editor:

About a year ago, I bought this case of old coca wine at an estate auction. Think it would be worth anything?

—Name withheld
Ontario, Canada

Oh, five to 15 years maybe...
Seriously, hang on to it. Once this photo comes out in HIGH TIMES, you'll have museum collectors bidding on it for you.
—Ed.



Lost in the Ozark

Editor:

California growers, eat your heart out. Missouri Ozark sinse is headed for tops!
—Name and address withheld

Dopes and the Bible

Editor:

Bravo "Drugs in the Bible" (HIGH TIMES, Dec. '82). Bravo Dean Latimer for writing one of the most enlightening and entertaining pieces of Bible exegesis I've ever had the pleasure to read. Fundamentalists who misinterpret the Bible to condone their mindless hedonism are just as noxious as backward born-again bimbos like Falwell. Hooray for a magazine with intelligence and humor enough to run articles such as this.

—John Martin
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Pot and Parenting

Editor:

My husband and I have been avid readers of your magazine for the past five years and we count on HIGH TIMES for giving us the truth about a variety of subjects. I have, however, yet to see an article directed to the many parents who read HIGH TIMES and are confused as to what to tell their children about drug use. For example, I tell my kids one thing about these substances, while at the same time they're getting a completely different story from their schools, the government, etc. I'm not into having "hip kids," but they see us smoking all the time and I really don't know how to handle the situation. I don't want my kids to smoke till they're old enough to handle it intelligently, but I'd rather see them smoke weed for the buzz of their choice than anything else. At the same time, I don't want them to think that *all* drugs are okay because mom and dad smoke pot. I'm sure that there are other parents in this same position, and we all would appreciate greatly an article that concerns itself with this problem.

—Name withheld
New Haven, Conn.

Your point is well taken and we are a little chagrined at not having addressed it on our own. We will try our best to get

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such a piece in the magazine as soon as possible. In the meantime, we'd like to encourage our readers who are parents to write and tell us how they're handling this situation. —Ed.

In the Navy

Editor:

I'm currently in the U.S. Navy and have been taking the "Piss Test" since April '82. I've found that your advice ("Marijuana Urinalysis, Is Anyone Safe?" Nov. '82) on drinking a lot of water and waiting until the end of the day to give the authorities the sample works great. At first I had been taking about six 1200-milligram high-potency lecithin pills and found that this also helped cover up my smoking. A friend of mine in our Patrol Squadron has made it through 20 tests by using these pills. Lecithin eats fatty solubles in the body and urine in which our friendly little 11-nor-delta-9-COOH piles up. No fatty solubles, no THC. I don't know if that's exactly how it works, but whatever the reason, I'm doing okay.

—Name and address withheld

That lecithin idea is so crazy it just might work, actually. Ordinarily, people take lecithin to hasten the absorption of vitamins across the intestinal wall. If it works the same way in the spleen and pancreas as it works in the rest of the digestive system (and it certainly ought to), then possibly lecithin will at least hasten the excretion of 11-nor THC particles into urine. That ought to cut down on the span of time, after smoking, during which you're liable to pull "positive" for marijuana on any piss test. In the meantime, drinking lots of water just before you donate your piss sample—so as to reduce the ratio of THC particles to piss particles in the test bottle—is the next surest way to beat these tests, short of watering the samples after you piss in the bottle. —Ed.

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Enough Art for God's Sake

Artist Tony Pomodoro does a lot of work for HIGH TIMES—in fact, sometimes he does too much. Here's one of his outtakes from this month's "Connoisseur." Neat, huh? But not as good, we think, as the piece we've stuck on page 37.

Hashish, Hashish Everywhere, and All He Can Do Is Read about It

Bob Hope couldn't make it to Beirut this Christmas, but HIGH TIMES sent international correspondent and *bon vivant* James Kusnir on a fact-finding tour of the U.S. Marine camp where he snapped this heady shot of an off-duty serviceman. "Support our boys in Beirut," says Kusnir, who reports that "While the frog and dago troops are out on the town partying and getting laid, our men are restricted to base. It's a disgrace." Kusnir urges fellow Americans to send our lads pharmaceutical care packages to "keep their spirits high." Look for Kusnir's eyewitness account of grunt life in 'Non in our May issue.



Love That Bob

If that wisecracking cartoon reporter at left bears an uncanny resemblance to the real-life silly goose on the right, that's only because they're both supposed to be HIGH TIMES Senior Editor Bob LaBrasca. We don't know how much LaBrasca had to pay cartoonists Ryan and Siegel to stick him in their Dr. McDope feature this month (see page 61), but whatever the price, we think he gives real good panel.





WHO IS THAT MASKED MAGAZINE?

No, it hasn't gotten this bad yet. HIGH TIMES is not so all-fired subversive that it has to appear on the stands in a plain brown wrapper. But that is the way we go out to subscribers—in a plain, unmarked brown wrapper.

We realize we make a lot of trouble for a lot of people. HIGH TIMES is forever exposing cops on the take from dope gangsters, and so local police chiefs and D.A.'s are always calling for HIGH TIMES to be banned from the local newsstands. Wherever there's a self-styled "parents" antidope group, the lobbying for a HIGH TIMES newsstand ban is shrill and steady.

Now, for us this is all just fortifying proof that we're doing our job right. And our reaction to all this political pressure is mainly just, "They can kiss our ass." All this political drivel is just a little part of our job, anyhow, and it's just one part of the magazine.

The prime nature and function of HIGH TIMES is **fun**. In no other magazine will you get the wild mix of fascinating and bizarre entertainment that comes in every issue of HIGH TIMES. We've run articles on professional porno-movie making and professional pit-dog fighting in the **same issue**! We ran Abbie Hoffman's gastronomical tour of the finest European restaurants (while he was on the lam) along with our own Josh Alan Friedman's assessment of the Miss America Beauty Pageant (which cost him his own appetite for days).

As to drugs, in one single issue HIGH TIMES is likely to run the most detailed and concise run-down on the hazards of bootleg Quaaludes that you are ever likely to find. And then, in that very same issue, we're likely to run a thrill-a-minute account of how an amateur woman dope pilot managed to fly in a planeload of the stuff past successive interceptions by federal narcs, local police and the Mafia itself.

In other words, every single issue of HIGH TIMES is certain to contain something to fascinate you, and something to infuriate you, no matter who you are. And after nearly nine years at this very enjoyable business, we've infuriated so many humorless political people—right-wing, left-wing, centrist—that they're all baying for a HIGH TIMES crackdown, all over the land.

And so we send our subscriber-copies out in plain brown wrappers. That way it all gets safely past any nosy post office people, and there's no way HIGH TIMES subscribers pick up heat for all the trouble we raise.

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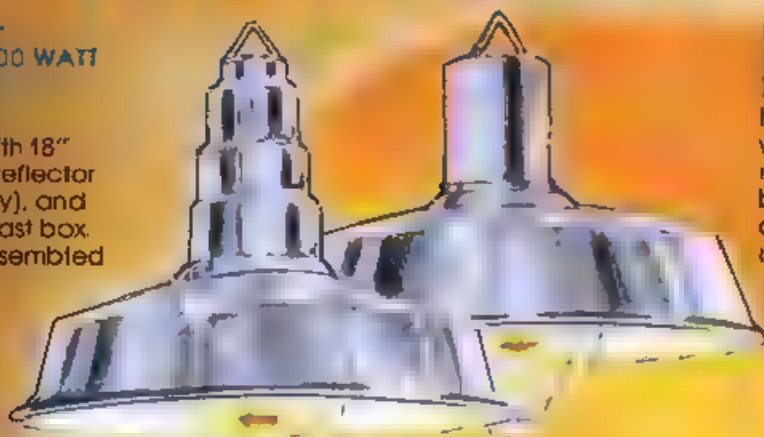
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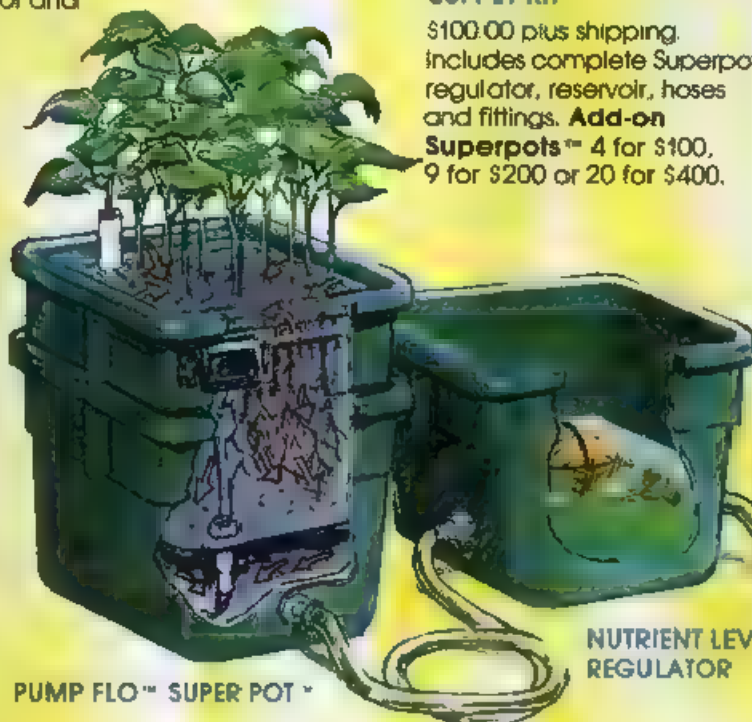
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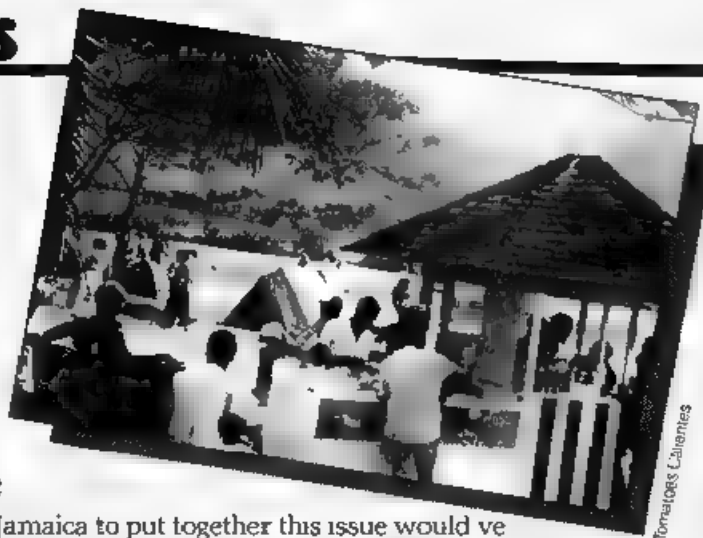
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Resort Areas for Jah People

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Ask Ed (and Get a Marijuana Grower's Guide Free)

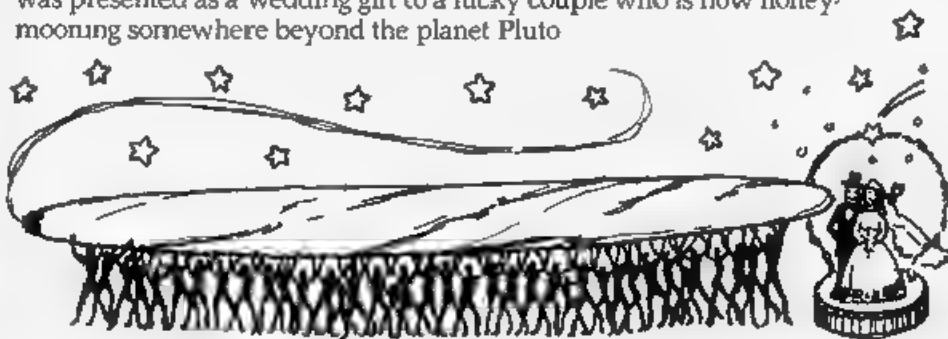
Ed Rosenthal, coauthor with Mel Frank of the *Marijuana Grower's Guide*, will be setting up shop periodically in our Grow American column to answer all your cultivation questions. He's also promised a free copy of his book to those of you with questions that are, in his words, "good." If you have a question for Ed, send it off to "Ask Ed" c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 W 60 St., New York, NY 10023. Who knows, maybe it'll be a "good" one!



Roll Another One

We can't say for sure, but what must have been the longest and fattest joint in history was recently rolled in Groningen, the Netherlands. The jumbo bomber, 15' 10" long, was created to protest local authorities confiscating a normal-sized joint from a young woman who had lit up on the steps of City Hall.

Over 350 cigarette papers, 10 packs of tobacco and a pound of pot went to make up the king-sized spliff. It took 60 fully grown men to roll, and it was presented as a wedding gift to a lucky couple who is now honeymooning somewhere beyond the planet Pluto.



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FLASHES



Illustration • John Mariano

Krassner's Astonishing Predictions

Contributing Editor Paul Krassner—who's dividing his time between standup comedy and finishing his autobiography, *Winner of the Slow Bicycle Race*, due from St. Martin's Press sometime in 1984—offers these astonishing predictions for 1983 to amuse and astonish you.

- The grave of Lee Harvey Oswald will once again be opened, and Mort Sahl will be found inside the casket
- Ronald Reagan will save the economy with legislation calling for a tax on cocaine.
- There will be a second implant of an artificial heart. During the operation, a fistfight will break out among the surgical team over background music. Whereas, the first time, Ravel's *Bolero* was played, on this occasion, younger members of the team will insist on hearing the Go-Go's singing *We Got the Beat*
- Johnny Cash will change his name to Johnny Credit
- Johnny Paycheck will change his name to Johnny Unemployed
- It will be discovered that in the early '50s, there were several babies cloned out of tissue from Alfred E. Newman, including Ted Koppel, Prince Charles and David Letterman.
- The FBI will cut short an Abscam-type investigation into a nationwide pyramid scheme when it turns out to be the Social Security system.
- A new Henry Kissinger will emerge, sporting a beard and an Irish brogue.
- A new military-oriented video game will become quite popular. It will be known as Dense-Pac-Man.
- Would-be presidential assassin John Hinckley will be released to the custody of the George Bush family

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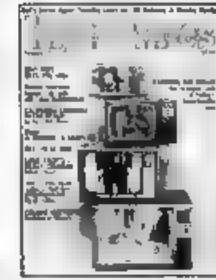
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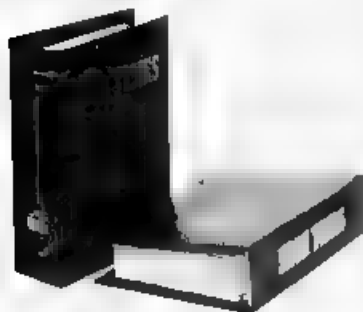


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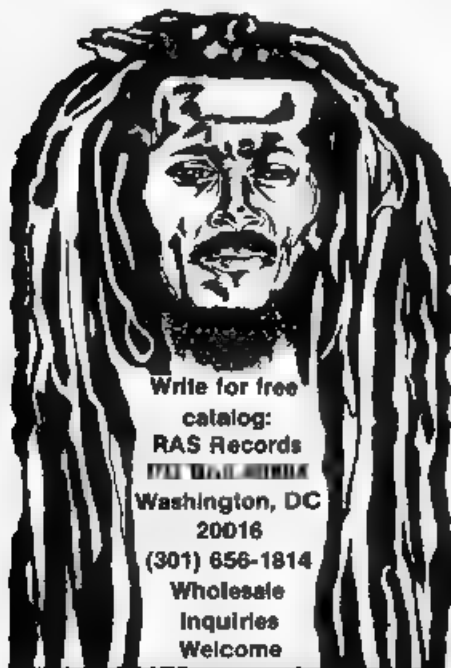
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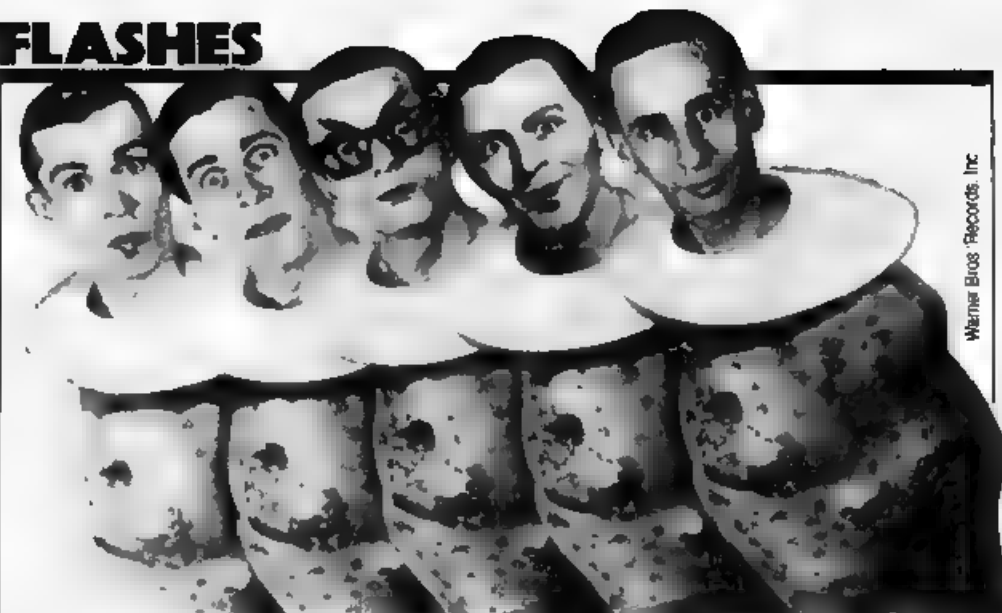
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FLASHES



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Devo and the Law

After giving a concert at the University of Houston recently, some members of Devo were arrested by Houston city cops for breaking a Class C fire-code violation. Immediately after the gig, the band and their drum technician (*drum technician!* Jeez, Texas is a bitch) were hauled downtown and thrown behind bars. Jerry Casale, talking to the *Austin Chronicle's* Robert Draper and Margaret Moser, picks up the story from there:

"I spent nine hours in jail treated like an armed-robbery suspect along with my associates on the crew. We were pushed around, handcuffed, they jabbed billyclubs into our backs, shoved us up against walls; they handcuffed me to a bench, bent over, for over two hours—I couldn't even sit up straight.

"The cops just gloated; they loved it; they would demand that we talk to them, and if we didn't we were reprimanded. They tried to make me sing 'Whip It' for all the drunks in the tank. Then the cops got on a loudspeaker system and sang it themselves!"

They're Dangerous

That's *HIGH TIMES* ad representative Sherry Lutz (third from left), guitarist and lead singer in the all-female reggae band Steppin' Razor. Lutz and the girls have been gigging around the country for the past year treating audiences to their distinctive blend of roots-reggae and up-tempo dance music. Their single, "Triangle (Caught in the Middle of A)" will be released later this year.



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NO. 92

TASK FORCE CALLS FOR CANNABIS REGULATION POT TAX ACT DRAFTED

by Bob LaBrasca

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"REGULATION AND TAXATION," RICHARD EVANS REPEATED TO his audience. "Say it with me now—reg-u-la-tion and tax-a-tion!"

Evans, a lawyer from Amherst, Massachusetts, was addressing the annual convention of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) held here in November. Most, but by no means all, of the NORML loyalists, crammed into this stuffy little Holiday Inn conference room, chanted the words with him in unison; the rest seemed to recoil uncomfortably. They were being asked, after all, to support turning the substance that had become the very symbol of their resistance to the powers-that-be into a revenue-generating, government-controlled industry. For card-carrying members of the counter-culture, it was a difficult moment. For committed libertarians, it was absurd: Regulation and taxation, indeed! Was he kidding?



Richard Evans

He was not kidding at all. Evans is the chairman of the Task Force on Cannabis Regulation, a team of volunteers, independent of NORML, that has spent two years composing the Cannabis Revenue Act (CRA), a prototype statute, meticulously detailing how taxation and regulation of a legal marijuana industry might work. The 14-member task force, made up of scholars and lawyers from all over the United States, is committed to seeing this exhaustive, 13-page legislative proposal—or some variation of it—presented before Congress in the near future.

Under the act, the cultivation, "processing" (everything from curing to labeling) and trading of marijuana would become federally licensed activities under the authority of the Department of the Treasury. The processor would be liable for a substantial tax (roughly equivalent to the "risk factor" now included in the price of your pot). All of the processing, packaging, labeling, etc., would have to meet government standards. Printed on the labels of pot packages, amid other information, would be the species and variety of the grass, and its THC content. The tax

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DEALER NABS KILLER

DALLAS, TEXAS

IT READS LIKE A SCRIPT FOR A TV MOVIE. It may become one, in fact, if the network censors can figure a way to turn it into a morality play about the evils of drug dealing.

The hero is 28-year-old Stan Morris, an admitted coke dealer. In January 1981, somebody put two lethal bullets into the back of his best friend's head. Over the next 18 months, while police made as much progress as they normally do in a "drug-related homicide," Morris relentlessly gathered evidence against the man he suspected of being the killer. Even according to the Dallas cops, Morris, more than anyone else, was ultimately responsible for the arrest and conviction of Kevin Douglas Payne, who is now serving a life sentence for murder.

HIGH TIMES has been unable to reach Stan Morris; he dropped out of sight to

duck the notoriety that came with telling his story to the *Dallas Morning News* last fall. But here, briefly, is his tale as he told it to *Morning News* reporter Christy Hoppe:

Morris met Mike Stotler in 1979 when they were both working at Maxwell's bar just off the LBJ Freeway. They were instant pals, and learned to trust each other. Both dabbled in the dope scene, though Stan did most of the hustling. Mike, who lived in the same apartment complex as Stan, sometimes moved coke for his friend as a "social thing." Stan never considered Mike a dealer.

One day in January 1981, Mike left Stan's apartment with a half-ounce of coke he said he was going to deliver to a man named Lance. He didn't return. When Mark failed to show up at his bartending job the next day, Stan went look-

/ continued on page 23

AMPHETAMINE COCKTAIL FIGHTS SPACE SICKNESS

ASTRONAUTS ORBIT ON SPEED

HOUSTON, TEXAS

ABOUT HALF THE ASTRO-nauts in the American space program spend the first 48 hours of their time in zero-gravity on speed and scopolamine, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has revealed. The drugs are furnished in a special combination called ScopeDex, scopolamine to suppress the dizziness and nausea caused by zero-grav, and Dexedrine to minimize the mind-clouding, "anticholinergic" effects of the scopolamine. On earth, scopolamine is mainly used as a decongestant and as an "antiemetic" to counteract seasickness and carsickness, etc. Dexedrine, of course, is prescribed mainly for appetite control, but is broadly "abused" by people who just like the procholnergic high.

In space, the speed-and-scopolamine mix does appear to help with the 48-hour episodes of "space sickness" which afflict a steady 50 percent of all astronauts on their maiden voyages into the "Wild Black Yonder," as they call it. On

some early orbital missions, the problems of coping with vomit-clouds floating in zero-grav was a real problem that threatened whole missions, but new barf-bag procedures and ScopeDex seem to have cleared that up a great deal. The Soviets, who also report a steady 50 percent incidence of initial space sickness among their fledgling cosmonauts, have presumably developed medications similar to ScopeDex for their Salyut crews.

The cause of space sickness, and the exact physical mechanisms involved, are unknown. Astronauts who are immune to ordinary motion sickness on earth are just as likely to develop space sickness as astronauts who aren't, and those who are susceptible to earthside motion sickness often don't get space sickness at all. So NASA's doctors, objectively, *shouldn't* be able to predict who's liable to get sick in orbit and who isn't; but according to Dr. Gerald Soffen of NASA's life-sciences division, their "hunches" in this

respect turn out to be accurate most of the time. Evidently the doctors pick up subliminal cues, speculates *Science* magazine writer Mitchell Waldrop, that they can't yet rationally describe or explain.

"The symptoms," says Dr. Soffen of the nausea and vomiting, "are just the body's response to something it doesn't like. But it's like getting sweaty palms when you're nervous. The same response can be triggered by many causes."

Ordinary earth-bound motion sickness is most often caused by the effects on the middle ear of erratic gravity changes—as in a rocking boat, for example. In space, though, the causes may be quite different: the unprecedented redistribution of blood from the lower to the upper half of the body may be a partial cause, along with the brain's basic "proprioceptive" (posture-sensing) systems reorienting themselves to zero grav.

While space sickness is not life-threatening, because it invariably clears up within 48 hours of steady zero-grav, it necessarily greatly impairs the efficiency of each new orbital crew. Since the United States' new "shuttle" system calls for the crews to perform quick, brisk, complicated orbital missions lasting a week or less, a 50 percent reduction in performance over the first two days is a very material handicap. The private-sector companies who are supposed to fund these missions may not find this diminished personnel performance acceptable, and may want to test out more reliable antiemetic drugs than ScopeDex.

To date, NASA has announced no plans to begin testing delta-9 THC, the prime antiemetic element in marijuana, for space sickness. Astronauts, Dr. Soffen points out, did not sign up for the job with the intention of becoming medical guinea pigs in orbit. NASA's main medical think tank, the Ames Research Center in Mountain View, California, is banking on nondrug biofeedback techniques right now. Dr. Patricia Cowings there has already developed biofeedback training routines that have helped a great number of people achieve control over carsickness and seasickness. Whether the same techniques will work in space remains to be seen, but the solution would appear to be more effective overall than a combination of brain-fogging scopolamine and pick-me-up speed.

"It's a difficult thing," says Soffen about ScopeDex in space. "The dosages are specific to each person." So it seems that either pot, which one can self-measure puff by puff, or biofeedback, would be greatly superior for ameliorating space sickness. **WT**



SOUR GRAPES: President Reagan puts on his best face of indignation as he examines a pile of confiscated cocaine in a hangar at Homestead Air Force Base in Florida. With him are South Florida Task Force Director Charles Runko (left) and Attorney General William French Smith.

JOKER DROPS MYSTERY GRASS ON COLORADO TOWN DRUG AWARENESS WEEK IN THE ROCKIES

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COL.

NATIONAL DRUG AWARENESS Week went by unnoticed last November, in most parts of America, but not in this Rocky Mountain municipality. So that no one would be without the means to celebrate the seven days set aside by the federal government for meditation on drug issues, some magnanimous soul (or souls) seeded the entire town of Steamboat Springs with short-ounce bags of marijuana.

At least 30 clear plastic Baggies of weed, weighing about 23 grams each, were turned in to police by folks who'd found them scattered hither and yon in a residential area known as Old Town, on the steps of City Hall and the Public Safety Building, and just inside the entryway of the town's weekly newspaper, the *Steamboat Pilot*. In each Baggie was a small piece of paper bearing the hand-written slogan, "Support Drug Awareness Week."

How many lids were discovered but went unreported is, of course, unknown, but local police made every effort to frighten the citizenry out of stashing the stuff. They immediately announced that samples were being sent to the Colorado Bureau of Investigation for testing, be-



Steamboat Springs police officers Tim Walsh (above right) and J.D. Hays weigh and log bags of the mystery pot. The note in the lid shown below reads, "Support Drug Awareness Week."

cause of the suspicion that the leafy grass might be "laced with poison or other dangerous substances." No contaminants were found, however, leaving those renegades, who never turned their found pot over to the authorities, with a rare sense of security—the kind that comes with the knowledge that the pot they are smoking has been tested by experts at the state crime lab and found to be relatively pure. **MT**



The Steamboat Pilot

AUSSIES MULL STATE POT MONOPOLY

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA

THE PRESTIGIOUS Australian Foundation on Addiction and Drug Dependence has officially suggested a government monopoly on the production and sale of marijuana within the country. The point of doing so, the Addiction Foundation clarified, would be to eliminate the burgeoning criminal industry that currently thrives on the weed's illegality. It would

also raise much-needed federal revenues from cannabis taxes, and help minimize the adverse health effects of marijuana on those people—children, especially—who are particularly susceptible to these ill effects.

The Addiction Foundation's panel of 21 advisers including internationally eminent physicians, academics, law-enforcement authorities,

clergy, union leaders, newspaper editors and drug-abuse treatment specialists—presented their findings in Parliament last year to Health Minister Michael Mackellar. Their recommendations, which would amount to a massive change in Australian cannabis-control policy (simple possession of a joint can presently bring one year in jail and a \$250 fine), should be

enacted "only after widespread community debate," the Foundation emphasized firmly. While the weed is not addictive, the Foundation's medical experts affirmed, and its adverse health effects obviously "do not approach the effect of long-term use of alcohol or tobacco," the basic issue of a federal cannabis monopoly is sure to become a

/ continued on page 26

THE GANJA GLOOM

A JAMAICAN PERSPECTIVE

by Arthur Kitchen

Reprinted from the *Daily Gleaner*
Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies
Nov. 3, 1982

THE NEWS THAT SOME 60 acres of prime ganja cultivations were destroyed by the police in Westmoreland, Jamaica, last week has cast a spell of gloom and despair over sections of the illegal industry.

In addition to the investment in time and money for planting and caring for crops during the critical growing period, each acre of sinsemilla (seedless) marijuana means at least 5 million U.S. dollars in potential sales to the export market, or roughly one-third less when distributed locally. And this is a conservative estimate.

An ounce of top-quality sinsemilla fetches between \$200 and \$300 in New York, and one acre can yield anywhere from 5,000 to 20,000 pounds. Little wonder that ganja is called "green gold," as many rural farmers and urban entrepreneurs have become rich practically overnight by farming or trading the illegal herb.

Growing top-quality ganja is a science mastered by relatively few producers, some of whom experiment with cross-pollination of local and foreign varieties to produce even more potent strains. The low hills of Westmoreland, particularly those blessed with fertile soil around Negril, are reputed to produce some of the finest sinse anywhere.

It is not surprising that the ganja cultivators are reportedly inflamed by the recent antiganja operations, which saw the introduction of a new and more efficient reaping device, the Bush Cutter P850, since they have lost approximately 300 million U.S. dollars in potential sales.

Scratching the Surface
As much as the government may wish to stamp out the ganja trade, in my view nothing short of killing all plant life with defoliating chemicals can stop the cultivation of the "wisdom weed." While

patrols of air and sea routes to ensure that no planes or boats left local ports with the illegal cargo have netted smugglers in the past, this is only scratching the surface of what is a constant activity.

With perhaps 10,000 square miles of territory and air space to cover between Jamaica and the Florida gold coast, including the 900-odd Bahama islands which provide numerous havens for smugglers and 20th-century pirates, not even the entire U.S. Atlantic fleet can cover this vast area adequately, much less Coast Guards and the DEA.

The ganja planes flown by intrepid local and foreign pilots still take off from various airstrips loaded with multimillion-dollar cargoes, destined for delivery to Florida or the Bahamas for eventual distribution in the United States and Canada. And the boats still sail with ganja

packed from stern to stern, sometimes hidden under loads of bona fide exports.

Although there are those who wish to see the ganja trade wiped out, others see no harm in cashing in on the huge profits, and encourage the powers-that-be to adopt a laissez-faire attitude toward dealing with the trade.

The ganja connections stretch from the level of grassroots farmers, through middle-class distributors and transporters to the upper reaches of society where the really wealthy entrepreneurs cream off the profits and foreign-exchange earnings. Since no tax returns are ever filed on ganja profits, it is difficult to estimate the share of the trade in the gross national product.

Sure Thing

If one is to judge by the numbers of individuals who have grown prosperous through

ganja, or who are able to maintain a reasonably comfortable existence, it seems apparent that the illegal industry contributes much to the economic welfare of the society. Several families depend on their ganja crops to survive in otherwise forgotten rural areas, and there is little chance they can be persuaded to grow other crops, even if they themselves do not normally use ganja, or, paradoxically, object to its use on moral grounds.

The ganja industry, in my view, is probably the only sure thing that can solve our financial problems and help us to achieve a measure of real economic independence from the developed world.

Only the illegal nature of the trade is stopping our ganja entrepreneurs from realizing the full potential of what may be one of our most sought after exports on the international market. **AK**

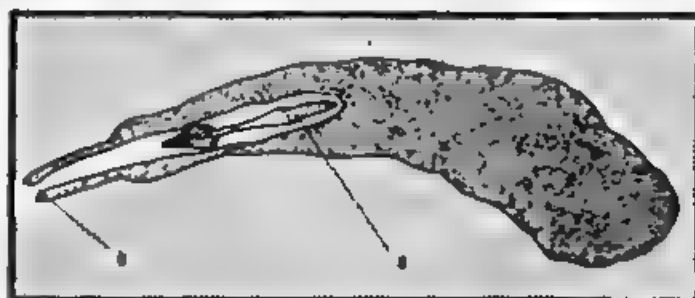
SCIENTISTS FIND NATURE'S HYPODERMIC

CORNWALL, ONTARIO

THE PRINCIPLE OF HYPODERMIC INJECTION, believed to have been developed by human physicians in the 19th century, is actually a few billion years older, biologists at the University of Guelph in Ontario have discovered. Single-celled organisms, it turns out, have been shooting each other up all along.

The fixer in the unicellular world is a microscopic fungus called *Haptoglossa mirabilis*, a parasite; and the fixee is its target host-organism, a much larger rotifer paramecium called *Adineta*.

The *mirabilis* fungus consists of two parts: a spherical cyst, and a long, thin cell bound to the cyst, projecting at an angle from the base of its binding site. When a big juicy *Adineta* swims by, the *mirabilis* cell literally fires it-



A highly magnified section of *H. mirabilis* shows its basic structure. The sporidium (a) is loaded for firing and shoots through the bore, or "point," (b) when contact is made with the host-organism.

self from the cyst and penetrates deeply into the *Adineta*, and instantly injects a "sporidium," filled with incipient new *mirabilis* organisms. These "zoospores" then eat their way out of the *Adineta*, growing into fully mature fungus cells attached to their own cysts, and go looking for another likely *Adineta*.

Dr. E. Jane Robb and Dr. G. L. Barron of Guelph U., reporting on their discovery in *Science* magazine, call this "one of the most unique sub-cellular fungal structures yet described." It is not yet known if any *Adineta* species has evolved a tie-cord structure, to enhance the experience. **AK**

A TALE OF LOYALTY FOR A MURDERED FRIEND

TEXAN TRAILS KILLER FOR 18 MONTHS

/continued from page 19

ing for him; he even got a friend who owned a helicopter to take him on an aerial search over Dallas for Mike's jeep—but to no avail. He went through Mike's apartment looking for clues to the identity of Lance, but found only a scrap of paper with a telephone number on it.

The next day, Mike's cold body was discovered in an abandoned farmhouse in nearby Hutchins. When Stan was questioned by police, he held back what he knew about the deal and the man named Lance.

On his own, he was able to trace the number on the piece of paper to a Kevin Payne at an address in North Dallas. Then, in the company of a friend, he broke into Payne's apartment. Identifying themselves as police, they held Payne at gunpoint while they went through his belongings. Morris had hoped to find the gun that killed Mike, but came away only with some address books and a few forged prescriptions made out to Lance Payne.

There are a few loose threads in the next portion of Stan Morris's story: It is known that, within a month after Mike's death, Morris did tell police what he knew about the drug deal with "Lance," including his own role as supplier of the coke. At about this same time, he was arrested for the aggravated burglary of Payne's apartment—a crime for which a grand jury, meeting in March, refused to indict him. Perhaps Morris came clean with the cops only after he was threatened with jail time for burglary and impersonating a police officer; and perhaps the grand jury did not indict him because police testified that Morris was aiding in a murder investigation. Whatever the reasons, from this

point on, Stan worked closely with the authorities.

Payne, meanwhile, traveled to Colorado and then California. He was gone seven months in all, but during that time Morris found among his own acquaintances people who also knew Payne. He learned of Payne's reputation as a smooth and unscrupu-

of friendship with Payne. Morris was working for a limousine service at the time. He suggested that Payne, who needed work, apply for a job at the same place. When he did file an application a few days later, Stan was able to use the information he had supplied as another means of tracking his whereabouts.

"Some nights I wanted to take the law into my hands."

lous con man, and how he made friends easily but exploited the people who were drawn to him. Through mutual contacts, Morris was also able to keep track of Payne's movements out of state and to anticipate his return to Texas.

When Payne blew back into Dallas in September '81,

Later, in February '82, Payne's high-rolling habits left him without rent money and he was forced to move out of his apartment. Stan generously offered to let Payne move in with him and his wife. Payne gratefully accepted and the tension rose. "At the time it was emotionally traumatic," Stan recalled.

He talked about how Mike's blood bubbled out on the floor.

Stan arranged for their paths to cross: "I went up to him as he was coming out of a bar and stuck my hand out," he told the *Morning News*. "He looked a little scared at first. I apologized for breaking into his apartment. I told him I was crazy."

Over the next few months, Morris "accidentally-on-purpose ran into him a number of times" and established a sort

"I wasn't one hundred percent sure it was him, but I had this gut feeling. Some nights I wanted to take the law into my hands."

Stan never discussed the murder with his roommate Kevin, but he did meet people whom Payne had talked to about the murder—about "how Mike's blood bubbled out on the floor."

When Payne offhandedly

mentioned one night that his car had been robbed of cocaine and money outside a Dallas bar, Stan had a hunch he was concealing something. He visited the bar and learned from people there that Payne had complained that a gun rather than money had been taken by the thieves. "By all rights the gun should have been at the bottom of some lake, but I just knew he didn't get rid of the gun. He was that greedy. He couldn't get rid of it," Morris later said.

Then, using his apparently numerous connections in the North Dallas underworld, Morris located someone he thought had stolen the piece and offered him \$1,000 cash for the hot weapon. The man was suspicious and refused to sell it to him, but the next day the gun was quietly turned over to the Sheriff's Department.

Ballistics tests proved that it was indeed the same 9mm pistol that had killed Mark Stotler. Two days later, on April 14, 1982, Payne was arrested at Morris's home. At trial, Payne's attorneys pleaded self-defense, arguing that Stotler, also, had had a gun. The jury wouldn't buy it. On August 30, they convicted him of murder and sentenced him to life in prison.

Mike Stotler never knew what a friend he had in Stan Morris. There was a \$5,000 reward out for the killer, but Morris never collected it. When he thought about the money, when it was all over, he did request it, but by then the deadline was past.

The police couldn't make up their minds about Stan Morris. "He sent Stotler out there to sell some dope and got him killed," said sheriff's detective Gus Rose. "His lifestyle was terrible during this period, but he deserves credit for helping us solve the case." **HT**

FLORIDA KITH AND KIN POPPED BY DOZENS

STEINHATCHEE, FLORIDA
THEY CALLED IT "Operation Sunburn" because the main smuggler-turned-snitch in the case—Bill Cobb—ran a Florida suntan-lotion business. In the end, whole families of local folk in two rural shoreline counties in North Florida were hauled in at once, and charged with conspiring in the transport of 30,000 tons of Colombian fume into Dixie and Taylor counties between 1978 and 1981.

While Miami and the Keys, at the bottom-most tip of the state, continue to occupy the attention of state and federal pot-stoppers, the major action has moved ever northward and eastward over the last few years. Dixie and Taylor counties are particularly well-favored for the *marimba* enterprise, with their long, desolate Gulf coastline dotted plentifully with helpful off-load islands. According to Florida state cops, who pulled off Operation Sunburn with some help from the feds, the

19 local folks who were busted had been shipping weed in for years by air and sea.

Among the bustees was a 67-year-old retired gentleman and his two sons, 27 and 35, all of Perry. Two owners of commercial fishing firms were netted, with their sons and

various in-laws, including a former Wakulla sheriff's deputy who'd been busted before for taking bribes. Former Taylor County sheriff Von Whiddon was accused by several Sunburn defendants of actually ordering his deputies to assist in off-loading

operations, but Whiddon has not been busted, and denies everything. A Florida grand jury last year leaked the news that some Taylor County cops have been looking the other way, during dope drops, but, so far, no police have been named. **MT**

HIGH-TECH SCALES BURGLED; LOCAL DOPE DEALERS BLAMED

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"IT WAS THE MOST modern piece of orthodontics equipment we had," lamented University of Washington orthodontics lab tech Audrey McDannold of her former \$1,600 Mettler electronic balance scale. "We just bought it a little while ago, and bingo, it's gone."

Someone familiar with the layout of the University of Washington health-science

labs here has made off with thousand-dollar digital scales at a really astonishing rate lately. At least nine state-of-the-art weighing gimmicks were ripped off in just one month this winter. Three of them were purloined from Bayley Hall in one evening by a felon who had pried them loose of their wall fittings with a crowbar.

University of Washington campus police, who are in charge of 24-hour security for

the lab complex, declared themselves at a loss to imagine who might be responsible for the scale thefts. "We are speculating," said U.W. police sergeant Randy Stegmeier, "that the person who is stealing them has some sort of outlet for them, such as drug dealers."

Stegmeier said all health-science lab techs had been told to make sure their scales were firmly bolted to their wall fittings. **MT**



GOOD OL' BOYS: North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation agent Ken Cope (left) posed with Cherokee County deputy sheriffs following fall raids on area pot patches. Note the

moonshine still (foreground), apparently taken in the same operation, and the sawed-off shotgun in the hands of the deputy at right.

REGULATING CANNABIS

/ continued from page 19

per ounce would vary according to the percentage of THC in each given variety. The regulated weed would be sold only through "authorized cannabis outlets," and advertising would be restricted or prohibited. Sale to anyone under the age of 18 would be banned.

All of this the authors have laid out in precise legislative jargon in an effort to anticipate every conceivable procedural problem. The act includes, for instance, sections on how long a spouse may maintain a license after the original licensee dies; how authorities must dispose of weed that is seized for noncompliance with the law; and what happens to taxes paid on pot later destroyed in a natural disaster.

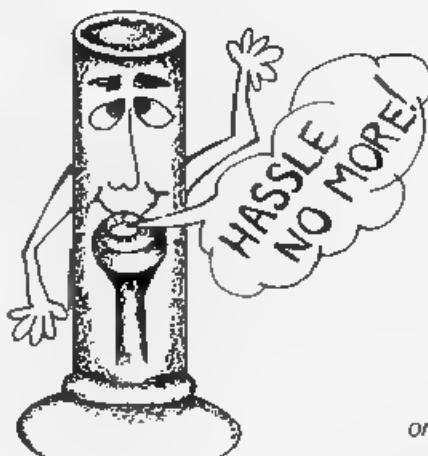
The obvious intent of the document is to demonstrate that there are rational and concrete solutions to the "marijuana problem"—and that most of the dilemmas usually associated with the herb would dissipate with the repeal of pot prohibition. "We wanted to prove to ourselves that it was legally feasible and possible," Evans told *HIGH TIMES*. "The best way we could think of to do that was to actually do the nuts and bolts."

This systematic and practical attempt to offer a fully developed solution to the national cannabis crisis opens up a new front for U.S. pot lobbyists. NORML and other advocates of constitutional rights for grass tokers have been on the defensive since about 1979, trying to hold back the wave of anti-pot hysteria promoted by the so-called parents' movement. Now, instead of spending their efforts on the seemingly endless task of refuting misinformed scare stories, they can enter a more affirmative field of debate.

"We'd been addressing issues of simple survival for too long," says Bob Pisani, vice-chairman of the task force and a principal author of the act. A longtime NORML activist, he sees the CRA as a step toward a new era of rational discussion on the marijuana issue.

Having lobbied extensively at the United Nations for reform of cannabis laws internationally, Pisani is well informed on the international political implications of the CRA. The greatest stumbling block to domestic taxation-regulation on that front is the Single Convention treaty, signed by 110 countries and obligating all parties to full-scale marijuana prohibition. In a paper included with the CRA in the report of the task force, Pisani outlines how the convention could be

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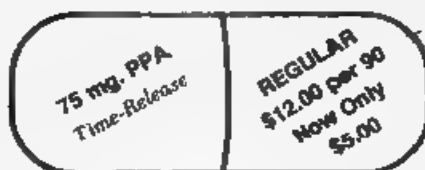
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GOVERNMENT GRASS FOR AUSTRALIA?

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deeply divisive issue in Australian society

In public debate over marijuana-control policy, the Australian media — largely sensationalistic and fiercely reactionary—will be certain to wield an inordinate amount of influence. The report's authors took pains to note in advance: "Media coverage of drug issues in Australia has, with notable exceptions, been extravagantly uninformed and intimidating. It is important to give weight to public attitudes, but weight must also be given to the fact that these attitudes are heavily influenced by ill-informed media headlines and public debate at a generally low level."

Health Minister Mackellar duly received the Foundation's report in Parliament, and termed it "a valuable contribution to public debate." While he planned no changes in the cannabis laws "at this time," the minister pledged to take it all under advisement.

Why a Monopoly?

Essentially, the Addiction Foundation merely recommends that Parliament mount a "feasibility study" of the establishment of a government cannabis monopoly in one or more states of the country. The primary goal would be to minimize—and hopefully eliminate—the vast corruption that illegal marijuana money engenders among the police, the civil service and bankers and real-estate brokers. "Because large numbers of the population are involved, large profits stand to be made. Criminal syndicates inevitably arise, with large funds to tempt law-enforcement au-

thorities into corruption."

The report notes numerous instances of police drug corruption in the last few years, and terms it a major, and unnecessary, social problem. Enforcing unpopular cannabis laws imposes "unreasonable stress and personal and social pressure" on many cops, especially younger ones who personally know pot-smokers. "At a time when policing is becoming more difficult, it is unreasonable to impose upon police such additional stress."

The problem, as the Foundation diagnoses it, lies in the fact that cannabis is simply not perceived, of itself, as a "danger" by very many Australians—and certainly nothing so dangerous that such fierce legal penalties against it are appropriate. Nearly half of all Australians in their 20s—the country's by-far largest age group—have tried pot, or smoke it regularly, and not many Australians of any age consider it "criminal" enough to warrant jailing. Yet the police are obliged by law to vigorously enforce the arbitrary cannabis statutes, and as cannabis proliferates in the nation, their efforts become ever more strenuous and conspicuous; more and more otherwise law-abiding cannabis users go to jail. This raises acute social problems, says the Foundation.

"It must be emphasized that the persons convicted of cannabis offenses do not at present fall into the group of antisocial persons whose conduct is plainly damaging to society in the normal criminal sense." Pot smokers don't perceive themselves as "criminals," and neither do many non-smoking Australians. Still, "The knowledge that they are

breaking the law, and the risk attendant on their conduct, puts such citizens inevitably into an ambivalent relation with the law and its institutions," warn the authors. "A long-term continuance of a gap between the law and community attitudes is unhealthy for respect for the law, and for the Rule of Law itself."

Who Would Resist?

The precise nature of the projected government cannabis monopoly is only tentatively and sketchily outlined. Besides being in charge of cannabis cultivation and distribution, the government would be charged with overseeing its quality and purity, and to prohibit its sale to minors, who face special health hazards from regular use of any drug, cannabis included. Stringent penalties are rec-

ommended for driving under the influence of marijuana, and research is urged into the production of a reliable roadside pot-intoxication monitor. More precise regulations, on advertising, vending premises, potency controls and so on, would most likely be left up to the individual states.

Besides the sensationalistic media, opposition to a state monopoly on cannabis would be very strong, the authors predict, for the current commercial producers of "legal" intoxicants, like liquor, and from state governments which profit from the taxes on these intoxicants. Opposition from the states would probably subside, the authors confidently predict, once they got an inkling of how much extra revenue a government-controlled marijuana monopoly would surely generate. **HT**



FRISK 'N' SNIFF: This device, a prototype built by the U.S. Customs Service, is designed to detect the odors of marijuana, cocaine and heroin. It has been installed in Texas at Houston Intercontinental Airport. Customs officials claim this first test run has produced "some" drug seizures.

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CANNABIS ACT

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amended or "denounced" to allow member countries like the United States to enact taxation-regulation policies. A section of the CRA, in fact, directs the president of the United States to "terminate" such international agreements. The problem is—as both Evans and Pisanu admit—the United States heavily pressured many of those 110 nations into signing the Single Convention to begin with, back in 1961, and it would indeed be unseemly for Uncle Sam to suddenly denounce the treaty it promoted so vociferously. So, while it may be feasible under international law for this country to abandon the Single Convention, it is more than a little sticky politically.

Even domestically, though, the CRA has a difficult course to run. The parents' movement still wields substantial power in Congress, and nobody expects a pot-regulation act to pass in this legislative session. The best that can be hoped for is that it will be introduced into the House and debated, though, at this writing, the authors have not found a congressman with the moxie to sponsor it as a bill. Nonetheless, the sheer clarity and completeness of the plan demands attention and discussion, especially as the national pot crisis deepens. The lawmakers eventually will have to confront the disaster of spending outrageous sums annually for futile law-enforcement efforts against an ever-expanding marijuana industry, while courts and jails are crippling overcrowded and the demand for new sources of revenue constantly increases.

Meanwhile, in Oregon, a group called Oregonians Cooperating to Reduce Drug Abuse (an organization of parents!) has managed to get a regulation-and-taxation bill before their state legislature. And Joe Wilson, a spokesman for the group, points out that the passage of such statutes by states back in the 1930s helped prompt the federal government to repeal prohibition.

But even with these signs of progress, prevailing public opinion continues to be dominated by post-'60s antidrug backlash. Even Richard Evans concedes that pushing the CRA now is something like "preaching religious tolerance at the height of the Christian inquisition." Evans recalls, though, that Morris Shepherd, a backer of alcohol prohibition, said in 1930, "There's as much chance of Prohibition being repealed as for a hummingbird to fly to Mars with the Washington Monument tied to its tail."

"Less than three years later," Evans adds, "Prohibition was repealed. A lot must have happened in those three years." HT



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COLOMBIAN PRICES SOAR IN FALL-WINTER DROUGHT

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

The 1982-83 winter season for Colombian has been the worst in the United States in almost 10 years. A vast drought reached every corner of the country, and, since Colombian is the cheapest and most available of pots in most places, the result has been nationwide speculation about the cause. Most experts—at least from the smuggler's side—blame it on the Caribbean blitzkrieg that got its start during the Carter administration, and a full-shoulder boost under Reagan.

The skies over the waters around South Florida are aswarm with E-2C radar planes and speedy Cobra helicopters; satellites and naval destroyers equipped with top-secret sensing gear of every sort track anything that moves on the sea or in the air from Guajun to the Maine coast—or so the White House would have us believe. Curiously, though, reports of seizures on the high seas were not more numerous than usual this past harvest season. The implication is that Reagan's Florida task force has dampened the market not by disruption of the sea or air routes, but through intimidation via the media. No one with hundreds of thousands, even millions, of venture dollars to invest is likely to risk losing it all in the face of such an obtrusive armada. Better to kick back for a season, let the dust settle and plot more circuitous and secure smuggling routes.

Beach prices in Colombia were reported to be sinking precipitously, with bales rotting on the piers, while in the United States the drought was driving pound prices through the roof—a further indication that it was the caution of smugglers, rather than the drug war itself, that brought on the shortage.

The effect was felt painfully in the marketplace. Pounds of commercial-grade Colombian crept up to \$500 from the mid fours, then up to six, and leveled off in the mid sixes. And even that overpriced inventory disappeared from the major markets. In New York, Los Angeles and Houston, ounces of Colombian were virtually unobtainable for most of the fall and winter months. A glut of exotics took up the slack at much higher prices than most

people were willing to pay—and prices in the sinsemilla trade began to drop.

But note, here, some stark ironies in the apparent success of the Reaganites' War on Drugs: Though big-time smugglers on the Santa Marta coast balked at moving bulky and cumbersome loads of *marimba* out of South American ports, many of them covered their losses by exporting ever more shipments of compact and easily concealed cocaine. As "Lombo marsh" weed disappeared from dealers' shelves, Andean snow drifted copiously through the black markets. Consumers felt the benefit, not in lower prices per gram, but in a less diluted street blow. The cocaine of the winter of '82-'83 may well become legendary.

And the Florida task force provided the strongest incentive ever to the burgeoning domestic sinsemilla industry. This year's bumper crop in the United States could have been a catastrophic loser for sinse growers had it not been for the shortage of Colombian. As it was, there was enough of an oversupply of exotics for prices to drop; if the Colombian supply had been close to normal, sinse farmers would have gone begging for customers, prices would have plummeted and profits would have been minimal. Some growers would have chosen to seek less risky livelihoods. But, thanks to Reagan, Bush and company, sinse husbandry is still a profitable business in the United States, and tens of thousands of Americans who couldn't make the Colombian connection have tried sinse for the first time—and liked it. They may even have learned to accept the price. After all, \$250 an ounce isn't so much to pay for grass that provides four to six times the hpj (highs per joint) of commercial.

Belize, if you please... Since its independence from British rule two years ago—after 300 under the Union Jack—the tiny Central American nation of Belize has begun to attract attention. Pot from Belize has found its way to the marketplace of late with enthusiastic greetings. But wait! As we write, rumors arrive of massive paraquatting in Belize. Watch Highwitness News next month for an update.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	prices up	oz	65-85
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	lb	700-800
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	125
	a few in season	lb	1100-1200
Mexican tops		lb	325-350
		lb	2800-3600
California sinsemilla	thimble-loads	oz	50-85
Homegrown pot		lb	225-300
		lb	2000-2800
Hash	headscratcher	oz	10-15
	red Leb	lb	50-200
LSD	your choice	oz	140-175
		lb	2000-2800
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	one	3-6
		100	275-450
		gm	130-200
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds reds	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
		lb	30-80
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	40-75
		lb	175-225
		lb	5000-6000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	1200-2200
		gm	100-135
		oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		kilo	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
Emeralds swamp grass	the worst	oz	6-10
Cocaine base	lots	lb	70-100
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	lb	2-4
		gm	40-60
LSD	traded for blow	one	negotiable
		one	25-40

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1600

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	26
		lb	175
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	10
		lb	90
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	25
		lb	250
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	oz	20
		lb	175
Hash	greenish brown, a snoczer	oz	15
		lb	150
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	gm	30-50
Methaqualone	much pharma- ceutical, okay	ea	-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blood Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Faki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	8-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	5
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1760
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stinky & stony	oz	160
		lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	15-20
		oz	10-15
Afghani hash	greenish black	gm	175-200
	furry	oz	10-15
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	oz	175-200
		gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Up & down	legal, kind of	100	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Charmore, Okla.	Ozark sinse, mint green	oz	135
Huntington, W Va.	purple macrodots, fresh	ea	4
Carbondale, Ill.	amur blotter	ea	5
Bronx, N.Y.	Hawaiian, a beast	oz	250
Cincinnati	powdery coles	gr	100
Dodge City, Kansas	okay lumbo	oz	35
San Francisco	pharmaceutical	ea	20
Miami	T14 a Colombo 'marsh	10	2750-3600
Trenton, N.J.	Mex sinse, great	lb	140
Wash. D.C.	disco toot	gr	110

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	germination underway	oz	125-250
		lb	1200-2400
Commercial Mexican	rapidly expanding market	oz	35-60
Top-grade Mexican	gold and seedy	oz	375-535
Sinsemilla	good and plenty	oz	45-60
Jamaican	appears and disappears	oz	475-550
Jamaican sinsemilla	tendency toward dryness	lb	115-135
Commercial Colombian	keep looking	oz	1200-1500
Thai sticks	sticks like stamps	oz	35-45
Loose Thai	by the bundle	oz	375-450
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	oz	70-100
Moroccan hash	dry, split slabs	oz	700-1000
Lebanese hash	wavering	oz	45-65
Black Afghani hash	gov't seal	lb	450-600
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	oz	10-25
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	180-225
Pulicynin mushrooms	dried encapsulated	oz	165-220
Peyote	crusty heady	one	1650-2200
LSD	green monster	one	235-300
Cocaine	strawberry dots	100	2700-3200
	king of the one liners	gm	125
		1	500
Methaqualone	best boots in the West	one	80-110
Crosses and black beans	erratic	100	625-1100
Methamphetamine	costly as coke	gm	140-190
		gm	1550-2000
		gm	175-225
		gm	1700-2500
		gm	165
		gm	1600-1900
		gm	140-160
		gm	1650
		gm	5-10
		one	3
		100	150-300
		gm	100-200
		1	225-400
		oz	2000-3000
		one	4-6
		100	300-500
		100	25-200
		gm	75-110

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	shake city	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	1/4 oz	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	oz	200
		lb	50-65
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	500-600
Thai sticks	timberland	lb	225-300
Lebanese hash	big mover	one	2000-2750
Cocaine	are you shitting me?	one	20
LSD		gm	10
		oz	150-200
		gm	100-175
		one	2000-2800
		one	5
		one	350-500
		one	5
		one	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz	225-275
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	2200-2750
Maua Loa	emerald green	oz	225-275
Mani wowie	overpriced, overrated	lb	2000-2500
LSD	fresh from the lab for cheap	one	200-250
Mushrooms	not a big mover	gm	2000-2500
Cocaine	over the counter from S.A.	oz	225-275
Amphetamines		one	2-4
		one	free
		gm	75-125
		one	2050-3000
		one	2

CHARGES

Speed kills! Amphetamines rot your brain and reduce it to the texture of cottage cheese. Speed can cause paranoia, schizophrenia and other psychotic reactions. Paranoid speed freaks can become violent to themselves and others. They commit bizarre and violent crimes. Heavy amphetamine users suffer depression, anxiety and sleep disorders when coming down from a speed run. These symptoms may lead to the abuse of multiple drugs, including barbiturates and heroin. In extreme cases, they may lead to suicide.

NATURE AND USE

Amphetamines are a group of drugs including, among others, dextroamphetamine (Dexedrine), amphetamine sulfate (Benzedrine) and methamphetamine (Methedrine). They have been widely prescribed by physicians over the last 40 years for a variety of medical problems, including Parkinson's disease, depression, fatigue, sleep disorders, asthma, hyperactive behavior and obesity.¹ Currently, they are only approved medically for the treatment of narcolepsy (attacks of deep sleep), hyperactivity in minimally brain-damaged children and for short-term diet control in obesity. The ability of amphetamines to relieve sleepiness and fatigue and increase short-term performance has led to extensive nonmedical use, particularly by people involved in activities that demand stamina—pilots, combat troops and athletes, for example. Japan, Sweden and the United States have each experienced epidemics of high-dose intravenous methamphetamine abuse.²

The pharmacological effects of amphetamines include cardiovascular (heart and circulatory system) stimulation, central nervous-system stimulation, increased body temperature and appetite suppression. These physical symptoms are often accompanied by a feeling of well-being. High-dose intravenous

AMPHETAMINE

AKA SPEED, UPPERS, PEP PILLS, CRANK (AND FOR SPECIFIC PREPARATIONS: BENNYS, DEXYS, METH, CRYSTAL, WHITE CROSSES, BLACK BEAUTIES, ETC.)

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

use produces a euphoria that comes on with a "rush" highly prized by users. The euphoric properties of these drugs are caused by their stimulation of mood-elevating chemicals in the brain, such as norepinephrine.³ Amphetamines may also give users a sense of false courage by inhibiting MAO (monoamine oxidase), the overproduction of which is known to produce neurotic fears.

The high-dose intravenous methamphetamine epidemic peaked in 1969 in the United States. Its rapid demise has been attributed to realistic drug education in the street, and the obviously dire physical effects of long-term abuse. The abuse of large oral doses of amphetamine continued on a wide scale into the 1970s. In that decade, the Drug Enforcement Administration and the Food and Drug Administration forced the pharmaceutical companies to take measures to decrease diversion for nonmedical use. At the same time, medical uses of these drugs were limited to those listed above. Any other medical use must be considered experimental. Most amphetamine preparations were also made Schedule II controlled substances, requiring triplicate prescriptions and enforcement surveillance. As a consequence of these actions, there is now very little "real" amphetamine on the street. As we reported here last year, over 90 percent of street amphetamines are actually look-alike pills that use legal stimulants to produce

something vaguely resembling an amphetamine effect.⁴

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Prolonged high-dose use of amphetamines, particularly if accompanied by sleep deprivation, will produce an amphetamine psychosis that resembles paranoid schizophrenia—the user becomes very frightened and out of touch with reality. Prolonged use can also contribute to malnutrition and a weakening of the immune system. Injection of amphetamine also exposes the user to needle diseases such as hepatitis and endocarditis. Amphetamines elevate blood pressure and can cause a variety of medical crises including heart attacks and strokes.⁵ Diet preparations that contain both amphetamines and thyroid extracts should be avoided, since, when combined, they elevate blood pressure to dangerous levels. Even at low doses, the effect of amphetamines on the user's body temperature can provoke heatstroke in hot weather if the user engages in physical exertion.

Individuals can "overamp." An overamped person is conscious, but unable to move or speak. The condition is also characterized by rapid pulse, elevated temperature, increased blood pressure and breathing distress.

Sexually, orgasm and ejaculation can be delayed at high doses, or sexual interest can disappear completely.⁶

Withdrawal from amphet-

amine dependence is not characterized by seizures, but can produce severe depression.

FIRST-AID PLUS

A massive stimulant overdose constitutes a medical emergency and requires immediate professional attention. Seizures and cardiac arrhythmias may call for medication. Anxiety reactions can be managed by reassurance and, occasionally, sedative-hypnotic medication.

Stimulant psychoses usually begin to fade once the drug has metabolized. In extreme cases, psychiatric hospitalization and antipsychotic medication is required. Longer-term treatment involves drug counseling with emphasis on abstinence.⁷ □

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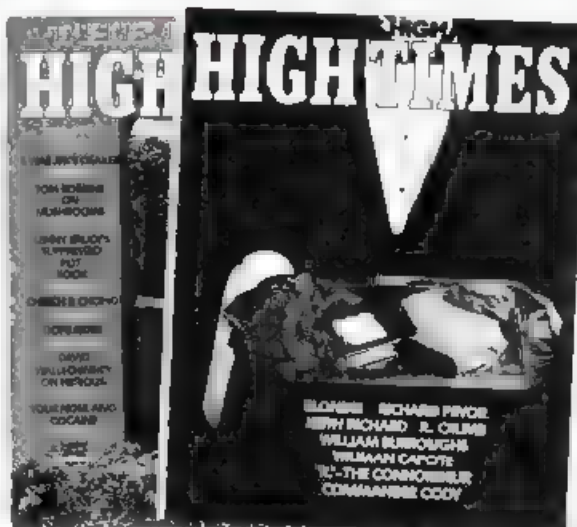
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usa DuBois

PETER TOSH & BUNNY WAILER

The original Wailers—Peter Tosh, Bob Marley and Bunny Wailer—were prophets of a musical form that has since come to shape the course of rock 'n' roll. Interviewed in Jamaica, Tosh and Wailer discuss their notions of reggae music, its spirit and its manifestation, and why it never occurred to either of them to try and become the new Bob Marley. by Bagga Brown

HIGH TIMES: Peter, you are considered to be a controversial person

TOSH: So was Jesus! I man get a job fe do and I have to do it with the method I know the tools at my disposal. Dem say I aggressive, but Jesus did gentle and dem get rid of him so who am I that they should not try to crucify

HIGH TIMES: It is common talk that you are banned from appearing again in certain countries?

TOSH: Well I no know if it official, but in Bermuda, through I say certain things pon a TV interview, dem show certain displeasure and the interviewer has not been seen on TV since. I hear sey in Trinidad them would prefer if I don't try to return there Dat just remind me 'bout the United Nations assembly I man was supposed to give a speech on apartheid, an now the "right time" to speak no come yet, till me hear say it "cancel indefinitely" an the coordinator who arrange fe me speak lose him job with U N

HIGH TIMES: You were a member of the original Wailers which consisted of Bob Marley, Bunny [LIVINGSTONE] Wailer and you, Peter [McLINTOSH] How do you feel about being considered as Bob's replacement?

TOSH: I man no deh ya fe replace nobody Bob do his work and leave, I have my work to do. The three hands that symbolize "Tuff Gong" on the label each symbolize one of us, the original Wailers. We did pledge as a group to continue the work of Rastafari, whatever happen. So I

just continue the work, I not replacing no other worker Bob use his style to give his message, I have to continue with mine. I no want to fit in a any slot. My job is to be the "constructive awakener" of the black masses of the world so them know themself and others know what black people suppose to be, and where. I deh pon earth to preach, I am a walking speech

HIGH TIMES: In spite of the great strides that reggae has made internationally in the last couple of years, the big breakthrough into the U.S. market has not yet fully materialized. Why is this so?

TOSH: The system [shit sem] is the real barrier. The one-drop syncopative heartbeat sound has the potential to break through anywhere. The music is already good, but the system is geared to hold reggae music in check. You see, reggae is spiritually revolutionary, and the message is divine. The message content opens the eyes of the people to the evils of the system, and so it cannot be encouraged by the system, as inside the music are the seeds of destruction of the said system [shit-sem]. But the music like a germ is contagious, so it must germinate and all they [the guardians of the system] can do is delay the process it must happen! The system must explode from conflict, modify to accommodate pressure or transform to a brand-new day.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of white people that play reggae?

TOSH: They are trying to paint a picture from a picture, so it must look phony. Their experience and inspiration is secondhand—a mango tree cannot bear an apple. However, if it help get the music accepted in certain circles and pave the way for the real thing, then is just "Jah works" that.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of white people that follow the music and declare themselves Rastafarians?

TOSH: Jah said, "I came unto my own, and they received me not, so whoever will, may come." I find that the people love and respect me and my music, and it is not for me to say who is a true Rasta, for you have whole heap a black man who a "ras." All my fans, black and white, are "souls" I am trying to win for Jah. On the last tour a white man [a fan] came to one of my shows, but he had no body from his navel down—a half man. But he was dancing on his hands and shouting on top of his voice; such faith I have seldom seen. Who am I that I pass judgment on such a person?

HIGH TIMES: It is known that you have had frequent run-ins with the police which probably prompted your album cover for *Wanted, Dread and Alive*. Do you care to comment?

TOSH: Well, is one thing police teach me. In life sometimes you have to "play dead" to stay alive. One time at a police station in Kingston, I was being battered by feet and batons, and when I kept fighting back, they said, "It look like Rasta really can't

dead," and started to increase the blows. Wen dem bus me head and I lay down and play dead—is that save me life.

HIGH TIMES: You just concluded a tour. Please tell me about it!

TOSH: Well, this was an extensive "Kill Dead" tour. However, it is not in search of no superstar status, is really to spread the message. I gave a total of a hundred and four shows in fifty four cities in America and twenty-six cities in Europe, over five months. Although I tired, I have a job to do an I never did tour for over a year. I am a vehicle for the word of Jah, a spanner from him toolbox, so I must pass on the message.

HIGH TIMES: You are rumored to be, in spite of your militancy, quite a "ladies man." Is this true?

TOSH: They, women, have an important part to play in the lives of men, but beware, because the devil sometimes comes to test a man in the form of a woman. So love and respect your woman—but be alert at all times.

HIGH TIMES: Peter, what is your greatest fear?

TOSH: My fear for Jah Almighty! He is so powerful that to love him you must fear him. I man love him!

HIGH TIMES: Is that, therefore, also your greatest love?

TOSH: It is for Jah.

HIGH TIMES: Peter, what is your greatest desire?

TOSH: To serve Jah through passing on his message and to see the brighter day when "Right Is Right" and "Wrong Is Wrong," and every man gets pay according to his work—no more, no less. So keep on

"We did pledge as a group to continue the work of Rastafari. So I just continue the work, I not replacing no other worker."



Tony Gilbert / Solomonic



Tom Hill



Tom Hill

The Original Wailing Wailers. Clockwise: Bunny Wailer, Peter Tosh and Bob Marley. Both Tosh and Wailer, steadfast in their refusal to become the "new Bob Marley," cultivate their own individual approach toward reggae. Where Tosh has adapted his music and stage performance toward mass appeal, Wailer remains a traditional roots musician who rarely performs.

working as long as you work for the right, because payday is not far away!"

HIGH TIMES: People are wondering why Bunny Wailer won't tour or do live stage shows. Is there a reason?
BUNNY: Tours are a strategy by the record companies to keep the artist obligated to the company. You get in a so much debt that when you done yu wonder wha yu do it for—waste of time and energy! After performing on a record, if I have to go promote it, then what the record company a do to earn "the bag" of dollars that they earn. An the expense of the tour go against the royalties of the records so you just a "kill yourself for

nuttin." The touring business also stagnates the artist, since the continuous performance cut him creativity and energy. I will go pon tour when the strategy change, and if after the strain I wealthy enough fe rest couple years well.

HIGH TIMES: You seemed to have worked very hard the last few years. What was your musical output?

BUNNY: From I a go Camperdown High School I know seh yu only get out of anything what yu put in. Last year, I perform and produce bout thirty 45s and four albums.

HIGH TIMES: Your latest record, *Back to School*, on which you DJ, is quite funky, and my opinion is that it will take the whole United States armed forces to stop this bomb

from exploding on their charts. But this is not the type of music we have come to expect from Bunny Wailer. Why the crossover?

BUNNY: Well a musician have to study marketing strategy, and a "bird" tell me sey if I want to break into the American scene "big," then I have to give the music a familiar sound and aim it at the children. After I mek my name everything possible with my regular style. Plus a man have to show versatility through him ability fe play all kind of music.

HIGH TIMES: Repatriation to Africa is one of the basic objectives of Rastafari. What is your view? Is it mental or does it have to be a physical migration?

BUNNY: Repatriation has to be an individual concept. In the year 1982 you can't voice another man choice, you haf fe mek him mek him own decision. Everyone look pon it different; you have to 'low a man fe mek up him own mind. Moreover, since successive governments not really supporting the idea, it difficult fe the man who would a mek the move, to move. it financially crucial. Same time you can't wrong government for that attitude since them no want lose the manpower, especially if it skilled.

HIGH TIMES: How do you see reggae helping the mental repatriation, the African connection?

BUNNY: Well, mek me tell

you little history about Africa and reggae. Africa a one nickname; Ethiopia is the real name fe the whole a dat place. Reggae means the king's music from the latin regis, e.g., like regal. Now, Ethiopia is a place with plenty king, so they have to be entertained with the king's music. So from you a play reggae with the heavy emphasis pon bass and drums, you a mingle with the spirit of Africa. The rhythm is connected to the heartbeat—next time you hear reggae, check the pulsations against your heartbeat. So you and you African brethren in touch. Right now man exploit reggae, and market it in Africa, but the good spinoff is that them a help spread it. Certain songs written by the Wailers are considered like freedom anthems in Africa today.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think about white people who claim to be Rastafarians?

BUNNY: It is written that every knee will bow and every tongue confess to Jah Almighty. It is not in my power to declare who is Rasta or not. From them recognize the source we are forced to accept. I Bunny Wailer must trod my way and do my work so I no have no time to look over my shoulder fe crown or condemn no one.

HIGH TIMES: You have not toured for almost ten years. Can you remember anything significant that took place on your 1972 Island [Records] tour of England?

BUNNY: Well, I a go tell you two story fe show you the power of reggae music from dem early time deh. After a show in England we see a man and a woman a come and him just a shout thanks, thanks, thanks. So we ask him what him thanking we for. The man show we him wife and tell us that in over ten years of marriage is the first him carry her anywhere and she look happy.

Before another show one night, a gang of guys, a think them call them the "Skin-heads" because every gang-member bald, approached the band while we were setting up. Them have some long cut pon dem face and some scar in a dem head top and we

hear afterwards that when them go anywhere dem mash up everything in sight. Them send a little youth [a mascot] fe bother [tease] we and tempt we fe lick him, but we talk to him nice and him go back go show dem seh we ine [positive vibrations] and we treat him good. After the show the whole gang come over and lift up our band members playing we are the greatest. Dem two things de really stay in a my mind over the years.

HIGH TIMES: John Lennon's death a couple of months before the death of Bob Marley revived the discussion of the similarity between the Beatles and the Wailers. As a matter of fact some people referred to the [original] Wailers as the black Beatles. The Wailers then split up like the Beatles, each doing his own thing. Both Lennon and Marley were considered the leaders. Now the big question, How do you see yourself in carrying out what you view as the main mission of reggae music with people viewing you as a replacement for Bob Marley?

BUNNY: Well, you can't stop people from talk. I guess when white people a say that, them a show we seh dem accept we music as being on a certain standard—Give thanks fe that! But me no plan to be limited by their [the Beatles] achievement. Bob was my brethren and we a come from way back, but me no want fe wear fe him shoes, me have on my boots already and I trod my own path while I do my own works. I wasn't born to be a replacement, I am me. I want to promote the total development of reggae music in all its aspects.

Reggae music is revolutionary pushing for a change in how the world is ordered with the odds loaded against the poor. Reggae music requests the move to international morality as in my two-side U.K. hit 45 "Rise and Shine." The words say—"Rise and shine as the morning sun that surrounds you, it is international morality time where mankind must be born again. So for the sake of the younger generation let's go forward to brotherhood and unity." □

TOSH ITATIONS

The following is from Peter Tosh's comments just prior to his early-morning set at the Jamaican World Music Festival.

Once upon a time, when I first came to this planet earth, I was told, taught and brainwashed that herb, otherwise known as ganja, is the most dangerous drug and poison. And the I was taught to be afraid of it. And it is a good thing I am in permanent contact with Jah, for I say, Jah, I do not take influence from men, it is you that show I what is right and what is wrong.

If I shall begin to read all the respect I get from the United States of America, for example, in New York, I would not be humiliated for a spliff, no way by no police. And for one blood-clot reason why, I would stay in New York for a while because I have the privilege to smoke herb and I want you to learn this. It is I and the Rastaman who has been humiliated for the use of herb for all these ages.

Don't take this thing here for joke. And gawan like uno dep coke and uno just done eat a whole piece of pork.

Do you know what is happening? All sheep of the fold has scattered, and everyone is suffering from this great thing called "ego." Everybody is busy involved in himself. The respect for humanity has been lost. Seen? No man respects his fellow man again. Every man loves big bumba money in him back pocket. Every man loves material things more than his brother, but learn this, if you don't learn to be your brother's keeper...

Long time, I don't perform here. Performing on stage at seven o'clock in the morning. Sun rise to greet I, but not only I, the sun rise to greet everyone who have the heart to stay until this morning from last night. What else can create an incident like this one?

Only reggae music.

The music that is not respected in its own country. No joke business, when I talk, heart shook up, curl up.

And I want it to look like reggae music is an insignificant music, a music that has no relevance, just the music of a cult. This is no music of no cult. It is ancient-cy 185 billion years and more from whence I cometh.

Don't take this thing for joke business. All of us who love reggae stand accused, abused and disrespected and condemned. Seen?

Every time I try ten yards Babylon try stop you! What kind ting is dat? And I in this twenty-first century they lock you up for a spliff.

Can you imagine that after these degradations and humiliations, I've been condemned to hell and here am I standing in the name of Jah!

Seen. But I love to talk. I am music, you hear about my music.

But I am not here to exalt myself, I am here to exalt the name of Jah Rastafari, and the music that has been given to I from Jah that will take cover the whole world. The whole world shall be covered with reggae music, and anywhere I play reggae music like you hear I play now, it creates a ting called reggae mylitis. Everybody have reggae mylitis, and right now I feel in my toes I've got reggae mylitis. Gawan me brethren... [Band plays] . We want the truth. □

RAIDERS OF THE LOST GOLD

PART IV by "R"

Kidnapped by speargun toting narcs, our hero is used as bait to flush out the best friend he thought was dead. But first he's treated to the paranoid fantasies of government officials who swear that the Brotherhood of Eternal Love still exists.

The story so far—
A provocative and mysterious woman in New York has slipped "R," the intrepid HIGH TIMES Connoisseur, some intriguing clues into the shadowy story behind the suicide of his close friend, HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade. What drove Forcade, master media manipulator and high-level cannabis smuggler to take his life? The woman suggests the answers might be found down in Miami, that Casablanca of the contemporary coke and weed trade. Specifically in Chateau Forcade, that palatial waterfront mansion built during Prohibition for a bootlegging baron, which served during the wild days of the '70s Colombian gold rush as headquarters for Forcade's smuggling empire.

But when "R" flies down to check out the place he finds a surprise: Susannah. A seductive blond refugee from Palm Beach society who hung out with several Chateau Forcade smugglers, she plies "R" with pearly cocaine and provocative smiles. She tells "R" she's had a fight with her boyfriend and needs help spending his money and snorting his coke.

When we last left the befuddled Connoisseur, Susannah had lured him into a bubbling hot tub with her, she'd poured a pound of pure Peruvian pearly flake into the foaming tub with them. It was at that point that her boyfriend pulled into the driveway and Susannah confided to "R" that the guy was, in fact, a narc.

(Needless to say, all characters herein are fictional and have not the slightest resemblance to any smugglers living or dead. Even "R" doesn't have the slightest resemblance to himself. Only Forcade is real. Strange. Mythic. But real.)

The two characters who burst out onto the deck didn't seem surprised to see me there. If the tall, mean-looking guy in the Miami Dolphins sweat shirt was Susannah's boyfriend, he didn't seem displeased to see her naked and zonked out of her skull in a vat of bubbling toot with a naked stranger.

In fact, from the look of the smile broadening on his wide, pitted face, you might think he was happy to see me there. You might think he had expected to see me there. You might think Susannah had set me up for just such a surprise.

I looked over at Susannah. She was still licking the remnants of cocaine paste from the wet strands of her curly blond hair. She looked up at me. Gave a little shrug as if to apologize.

"Sorry, 'R,'" she said, hopping out of the hot tub, leaving me shivering in there despite the warmth of the cocaine-saturated water. "Terry here said he wanted to talk to you, and I thought this was the only way to get you to stay around long enough if you knew—"

"That's enough, Susie. Mission accomplished. Amscray," said the guy she called Terry. I could see the guy had more than enough muscles on his frame to have earned that Dolphins sweat shirt from coach Don Shula himself, or the coke dealers on his squad. But there was something else about him that had me worried. Maybe it was the vicious-looking, shiny black metal spear gun he was hefting in his hands.

That spear gun. I'd seen it on the mountainous pile of diving equipment downstairs on the living-room floor of

Chateau Forcade. It was a mean-looking weapon, of the type used mainly to protect deep-sea divers from killer sharks and whales. It left too vicious a wound to be any good for mere sport fishing. The hole it would tear in a 300-pound marlin would make the fish useless for mounting on the wall of an ophthalmologist's office.

Facing that kind of fire power, I decided the only thing to do would be to brazen it out. Once I'd seen Forcade in an equally tight situation pull it off with a supreme show of self-confidence. We'd been traveling cross-country in a huge, unregistered Cadillac limousine with some speakers stolen from a missile base mounted on top. Our car was filled with California girls, California weirdos and a non-insubstantial amount of California grass. We were passing through a Nebraska crossroads at close to 90 when a small-town sheriff pulled us over and, with the rest of his three-car police force, escorted us into the town hall/police station/jail building. It looked bad. Tom was dressed in his long, Roman Catholic priest outfit and motorcycle boots. Not a figure to inspire confidence in a Nebraska sheriff. But I'll never forget the way he sauntered into the sheriff's office, sat himself down in the sheriff's swivel chair, put his cycle boots up on the sheriff's desk and proceeded to give the sheriff a long story about how the whole weird crew and the car were part of a Hollywood movie being shot on location up in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and that a lot of the aspiring actors and actresses were counting on him to get them there in



time for the cameras to roll. He promised the sheriff a part in the picture if he could get there in time.

Well, not only did the sheriff buy the entire story, he gave us a siren-wailing escort at 90 miles an hour all the way to the South Dakota state line where, when we crossed over, we were free from further trouble.

So I tried to take a leaf from Tom's book in this predicament.

"Look," I said to the big guy in the Dolphins shirt who was smiling the mean smile of a linebacker preparing for a crippling blind-side, "I'm here researching an article for *Wet* magazine on East Coast Jacuzzi culture, you know—lifestyle journalism. I thought this might be a great spot for a four-color picture spread. Maybe even a cover and."

Wham. A stainless steel, razor-tipped spear shot out of that gun, zapped its way through the redwood, zipped through the water and cut the thick wood on the other side of the tub like a surgeon's scalpel through a frontal lobe. It just missed making a fatal incision in my body by a few inches in its brief, seething transit through the water.

Said water, the coke-saturated, bubbling hot water, immediately proceeded to start spilling out through the two holes the vicious gun had made in the tub. Said drainage, lowering the foamy water level, left me feeling even more naked and, well, *alarmed*.

All my facade of Forcade-like confidence began oozing out of me as the water gurgled out of the tub. I felt all my precious bodily fluids draining out of me as I heard a loud metallic *kachunk* sound, and saw that this fellow Terry had loaded another razor-tipped spear into his gun.

"Ever hear the expression, 'Just like shootin' fish in a barrel,' my friend?" he asked me in a voice that made it sound as if he wasn't quite sincere about the "friend" part. "Shootin' fish in a barrel. Yes. Much more fun than listenin' to some dumb shit about lifestyle journalism. So cut that shit, if you don't want to end up stuffed and mounted on the wall of my den minus a hole or two. I know why you're here."

"You do?" I asked. "I'm not sure why I'm here myself."

"Oh, yes you do," he said. "You know very well. And we know you know."

"Know? No!" I said. "What are you talking about?"

The coke-saturated hot-tub water had gurgled out the bottom of the redwood tub, leaving only a slimy residue. The intake pipes were making a dis-

gusting sucking sound, as if they were trying to snort the pasty residue themselves. The sun had set and the deck was dark and a second menacing figure emerged from the shadows. A tall guy dressed in a cool, well-tailored three-piece linen suit stepped forward.

"You know what we're talking about, 'R,'" he said. The voice was familiar.



"We're talking about the fact that you know where Forcade is now, and you're going to lead us to him."

"What? Are you out of your mind? The guy shot himself four years ago. Through the head. I was there at his wake when they scattered his ashes from the top of the World Trade Center."

"I was there, too," the voice said, emerging from the shadows.

And then I recognized him, and things really began to get strange.

He had been there at the wake. And he'd been here, too, at Chateau Forcade the night Tom arrived with the "heart-attack dope" that had killed Tom's arch narc nemesis, Billy. He'd been one of Tom's chief henchmen then, the tall pilot with the artificial hand. I glanced down at his left hand. Oh, yes. It was him all right. Good old Ricky. With typical Forcadian black humor, Tom used to call him "my left-hand man."

"You were there at the wake, Ricky. I don't know what you're doing here, or what you want with me, but you of all people must know the guy's gone for good."

"Of course," Ricky said. "That's what he wanted everyone to think. That's why the wake was such a massive blowout."

Ricky was there. As I remember it, he was walking around telling people that he'd lent Tom a quarter of a million dollars to front a smuggling deal, and that he wanted *HIGH TIMES* magazine as a consequence of Tom's death and default by default. There were other people at that party all claiming various presuicide bequests from Tom. There was talk of hundreds of thousands of badly burned bills in a Fifth Avenue hotel suite. There was talk of safe-deposit boxes whose keys and precious contents would never be discovered. There were accusations of betrayal, and harrowing stories about Tom's last run and the disaster that overtook him deep in the Santa Marta mountains.

But there was one moment I'll never forget. The climax of the wake. The moment when, from up on the roof of the Trade Center, somebody shook loose Tom's ashes and let them drift free, down to Manhattan Harbor 102 stories below. At just that moment, one floor below, the entire throng had gathered to toast Tom's memory. Two hundred people raised their glasses, their joints, their coke spoons and cried out, "To Tom."

But then, just as the shout died down, another voice was heard. A single impassioned voice that's still imprinted on my mind. A voice that cried out: "Tom will get revenge."

I never found out whose voice that was crying out. I never knew exactly which of the many betrayals they were crying out for Tom to be revenged upon. But that voice and that vow haunted me as I stared out the tall windows of the Trade Center tower and imagined his ashes drifting down into the night.

Snapping out of this momentary reverie, I glanced up at the two men and the spear gun confronting me and shivered.

"Get your clothes on, 'R,'" Terry said. "We're going for a ride. We're going to use you as bait. We're going to use you to smoke Forcade out of his disguise."

I was grateful for the chance to escape the gurgling tub, but all this talk about Tom being alive—it was incredible.

"You can't be serious about this. It's some kind of joke, right?" I said to them as I dried off and got dressed. "I mean, there were witnesses to his death, right, how could they—"

"There were witnesses to the death of Ken Burnstine, too, weren't there?" Terry said. "Everyone knows Forcade studied that case very thoroughly."

Ken Burnstine. A pioneering smuggler/entrepreneur. Had an entire air

force of pilots and planes transporting huge mountains of Colombian marijuana to unlit Florida airstrips in the 1970s. Until things got too hot. His plane crashed. Only a hand was found unburned in the rubble. Fingerprints visible enough to have him declared dead. But there were many who claimed he faked the crash and cut off his hand to give himself a brand-new life and identity.

"Come on," I said. "Tom shot himself. He had a lot of reasons to be unhappy. I saw him a week before he did it. He was very unhappy. I mean, do you have any evidence he's actually—"

"You'll find out soon enough, 'R.' But first you're going to answer some questions for some people we know who have a very special interest in Tom's activities."

"What if I don't want—"

"Believe me, 'R,' you want to. If you want the chance to see Tom alive, if you want the chance to stay alive yourself. Because if you don't cooperate we're going to take you on a diving expedition. We have a lot of equipment we want to test out. You're going to go down very, very deep. And then we're going to haul you up very, very fast. You're going to die of the bends. It's the most painful death known to man. Every single artery in your body explodes. Just play along with us now, 'R,' and when you decide you want to go diving, you let us know."

"So that's your choice, 'R,'" the suave and obnoxious Ricky said, "diving or driving. What's it gonna be?"

Five minutes later I was in the car. We were passing over the causeway to Miami Beach. Now, some of you may be shocked. Some of you wonder how I could have agreed to go along with these characters, since their clearly stated aim was to get me to smoke out and betray my closest friend, Tom Forcade.

But in my defense let me say this. I thought they were crazy. Out of their fucking minds. I didn't believe in the slightest that Tom was alive, or whatever other paranoid fantasy they had. I just assumed they'd done too much coke and had become victims of weird delusions, or else this was part of some scheme of the local DEA to get a big budgetary increase on the grounds that they were at last on the track of the real Mr. Big of the Miami Connection. If they could convince the higher-ups that the Tom Forcade was still alive and operating, they could get themselves a whole multi-million-dollar task force budget under their control.

That had to be it. That had to be the only explanation, I thought as I sat in the back of their panel truck and drew deep lungfuls of the Chateau Forcade they were offering, and gazed out at the Gold Coast of Miami, the line of towering glass and concrete condos slipping by.

"That's good dope there, isn't it, 'R.'"

"You're going to go down very deep, R. And then we're going to haul you up very fast. You're going to die of the bends."

Terry yelled back from the driver's seat.

"The best," I said.

"And he should know," said Ricky. "After all, he's the Connoisseur. Forcade taught him everything there is to know about tasting grass, didn't he? Oh, by the way," he added in an attempt to sound casual, "did Forcade ever tell you anything about the Lost Load?"

Oh, no. The Lost Load. That Mystery Woman back in New York—that beautiful, seductive, maddeningly elusive woman who got me into the whole thing by offering me a taste of Chateau Forcade had talked about the Lost Load. That huge cargo ship that set out from Colombia full of the last of the world's supply of the ultimate Colombian gold—the champagne of cannabis that came to be known as Chateau Forcade. She'd gone off into some whole Flying Dutchman-type riff about that ship, how it would appear on the high seas, and then, whenever the Coast Guard or Customs gave chase, would disappear off their radar screens as if it had never been there. As if it were some kind of supernatural ghost ship.

"What about the Lost Load?" I said. "It's just some smuggler's superstition, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is, maybe it isn't," said

Ricky. "The people were taking you to meet want to find out, and you're going to be very cooperative—if you don't want to go diving afterward."

Well, I figured I'd go along with it. They wanted me to spy on Tom for them. I'd just spy on them for Tom if he were somehow still alive—or just for the sake of investigative reporting, which, after all, was my profession.

Still, the whole thing was scary and strange. It got stranger when I recognized the place we'd pulled into.

It got scarier when I saw who was waiting to meet us there.

The place was Wolfie's. Now, if you know Miami Beach, you know Wolfie's, and you're probably wondering what the hell are these two mean and crazy characters doing taking "R" to a nice place like Wolfie's. If you don't know Miami Beach, you should know that Wolfie's (there are two of them—this was the newer, bigger, uptown one near the causeway) is one of the grand traditional Jewish delicatessens of the town. The matzo-ball capital of Miami Beach, and that ain't chopped liver. Wolfie's is also famous for—in addition to the amazing pastrami and goulash specialties—its onion-pumpernickel rolls. When I was down there for the weirdness of the '72 convention, one of the weirder things of that time was the way Wolfie's acted as a kind of Switzerland for all the warring factions there. Hippies, Zippies, Yippies, Republicans, Nixon aides, delegates, reporters, provocateurs, Jane Fonda-ites all fighting tooth and nail, bombing each other with tear gas and obscenities out in the street, would nonetheless come into Wolfie's after the smoke cleared for some mushroom-barley soup and their amazing onion-pumpernickel rolls.

Those rolls were so fresh, so moist, so dark and chewy and rich and doughy, and then so amazingly zesty when you took a big bite and came into those piquant bits of gently sautéed onion pieces inside—well, there were some who still swear that Wolfie's onion rolls are better than sex.

So, even though I was on edge from my recent close brush with a lethal razor-tipped spear-gun blade, and completely disoriented by Susannah's betrayal, and the threat of a painful death by bends, I couldn't help but feel a warm glow when we walked into Wolfie's and those beautiful chicken fat, pastrami, spice and onion-roll odors infused their seductive magic into my bloodstream.

Then I met the colonel and the fed.

The colonel wasn't wearing a uni-

form, but it was obvious he was a career military man, even before my two strange companions introduced me to him. His iron gray hair was cut in a short, stiff crew cut. Unlike every other person in the big back dining room of Wolfie's, he wasn't slumped or hunched over his food, slurping away. The colonel was seated absolutely straight—ramrod stiff is, I believe, the way it's referred to. Still, even the colonel couldn't resist Wolfie's onion rolls. There he was, decorously spreading a pat of butter on one he'd sliced in half with surgical precision (exactly the wrong way to eat them—you spread the butter on the outside and bite into it whole so you get the full effect of the scintillating shower of onion-rings within). Sitting across from the colonel, in that table in the corner of Wolfie's big, noisy back room, was someone who knew how to eat Wolfie's onion rolls. He looked like he'd been wolfing them down since birth, and that furthermore, his mother had been wolfing them down during the entire nine months she carried him. He was big, fat, shrewd and hawklike, and he was, as he explained when he introduced himself, a federal assistant prosecutor in charge of a special federal/state/local strike force.

"Operation BEL-2," he said, as we sat down and I reflexively plunged my hands, my face into the inviting warm basket of Wolfie's onion rolls.

"My name is Nackerman," he said, flashing a convincing-looking badge with his picture and the federal seal on it.

"BEL-2?" I said.

"Sure. You must know about BEL-1 at least. Check out the second issue of *HIGH TIMES*. We're the guys that busted up the Brotherhood of Eternal Love back in '74. I'm really pissed at you guys. You ran a lot of excerpts from the Senate testimony, but you didn't even have the courtesy to mention my name, and I was the driving force behind the whole thing. You're gonna have a lot of time on your hands pretty soon, 'R.' Sitting in jail, you know. We'll try to get you into a federal place, get you some writing materials. Maybe you can do my life story. Make me a hero. When we finally get your friend Tom this time—"

"Hey, come on," I said, almost too paralyzed with foreboding to chew my onion roll. "I don't know what's going on. I'm a journalist researching a story. My sources are privileged."

"Sure, sure, 'R,'" Nackerman said. "I respect the First Amendment, I

wouldn't violate your rights. But after I finish my pastrami-tongue-and-Swiss triple-decker, I'm gonna walk out. I'm gonna have to leave you in the custody of these two citizens here," he said, indicating the smirking Terry and Ricky, "and these guys never completely read through the Constitution the way you and I did. They're apt not to appreciate the implications. I understand you like deep-sea diving—"

The colonel cleared his throat.

"Sorry, colonel. Didn't mean to get you involved in the technicalities of the Federal Witness-Protection Program. Listen, 'R,'" Nackerman said, turning to me again, "the colonel here's in a hurry to get back to Washington. The man commandeered an air-force jet and flew down here because he wanted to get a chance to talk to you, and it's not really about what kind of sexsimilla, or whatever you call it, you're putting in your bong these days. The colonel here is in air-force military intelligence and he needs some answers right away."

"I have three pictures to show you," the colonel said. "I need to know if you've seen these individuals, and under what circumstances."

I looked at the grainy black and white pictures. They looked like surveillance photographs made from a hidden camera. There seemed to be some high-tech computer hardware in the background, but I couldn't be sure. What I could be sure of is that I *did* know two of them. They were phone phreaks. Not just any phone phreaks. These were two of the original mastermind phone phreaks. Two electronics and computer wizards so scarily brilliant they'd been able to hot-wire the entire computerized apparatus of the world's phone system and turn it into their personal pet toy. Of course, they'd gone beyond that. It took them a couple of years to found the whole phone-phreak empire, by which time they moved on to more interesting challenges—the U.S. Defense Department's computer system. The one they used for waging nuclear war. That's what they'd been working on the last time I'd seen them.

Of course, it had been Tom who'd introduced me. He'd set them up in a loft in Manhattan's fashionable Soho district—one of his many safehouses. They'd set up some amazing, complex computer and electronics lab there, and Tom refused to tell me exactly what it was they were working on, but every once in a while the three of them would go off into the corner, whisper and burst into chuckles. That was four years ago, shortly before Tom's suicide,

and I hadn't seen them since.

"I don't know them," I lied to the colonel. "Who are they?"

"He's lying, colonel. He knows them. He's just impatient to go on a deep-sea-diving expedition. Isn't that true, 'R.' You want to be the next Jacques Cousteau, don't you? He's not afraid of the bends, colonel. Isn't that remarkable for a man who hasn't been down four thousand feet yet?"

"What's the big deal about these guys, colonel, I mean, why do you care?" I asked the intelligence officer.

The colonel cleared his throat.

"A story we got from the Coast Guard. Been checking it out. Unable to resolve," he said with his clipped military precision. "Story about a mother ship that disappeared. Right off the radar screen. Never seen anything like that before. Not out of range. Suddenly just out. As if disappeared. Local Coasties call it ghost ship. In the air force we don't believe in ghosts. In the air force we've been spending two decades and billions of R&D funds working on something called STEALTH technology."

"STEALTH?" I asked.

"Yes. To be the basis of airborne strategic nuclear triad penetration capability into first decade of twenty-first century. Long-range supersonic bombers with total radar evasion capability. Just cruise in over the Volga river and stick a nuke up the shithole in the Kremlin's men's room before we show up on their radar screens. Do you understand the importance of this?"

"Well, I'll take your word, colonel, it sounds important, but what has that got to do with—"

"Stop bullshitting, 'R,'" warned Nackerman. "Or should we begin calling you *Jacques*?"

"It is our belief," said the colonel, "that certain private individuals have either stolen, copied or perfected on their own an advanced form of STEALTH technology—the most secret technology in our arsenal. And that they're perverting its use from national security to their own illegal schemes."

"Disguising ships and planes so they can bring tons of coke and grass into the United States without the slightest chance of radar or satellite detection," Nackerman added. "Any smuggler with STEALTH technology would have a fucking license to print money. He'd be the only one who could get by our air-sea electronic wall in the Caribbean. He'd have the whole U.S. market exclusively to himself. And all we poor feds would be doing would be making sure

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MOUNTAIN LAYS DOWN THE LAW

The mighty Leslie West and Corky Laing
wreak chords of lightning, humbling skinny musicians wherever they go.
Interview by Josh Alan Friedman and David Rosenberg.

From the golden age of concert and album rock, by now a sweet phenomenon of America's past heritage, rode the folk heroes Mountain. Though only three songs remain FM radio hall-of-famers today—"Nantucket Sleighride," "Theme for an Imaginary Western" and "Mississippi Queen"—Mountain was the heavyweight champ of crystal-clear, high-volume ecstasy during the era in which they reigned (1969-1972). Leslie West, who could outweigh and outplay planeloads of (most) skinny English guitar-



LESLIE WEST Soft as a prayer, hard as a locomotive

ists, remains a mythical figure to the drooling, boneheaded beer drunks from Queens who still flock to see him. (Mountain was probably the first hard-rock band to begin with placid hippies and, through no fault of their own, cultivate a rowdy, beer-drinking audience—which to this day remains associated with their order of rock.)

Leslie's bass-playing foil in those days, 130-pound Felix Pappalardi, had made his bones quite sweetly, producing the Youngbloods and Cream, though he never fully realized his brilliance until the big M. Corky Laing rode drums over the unique power triad, cowbell and double bass pedaling his trademark. He was also about a third responsible for the songs and showmanship, breaking thousands of sticks behind Pappalardi's Beethoven stance and West's electrical power field. A mysterious fourth member, Steve Knight, added subtle keyboard colorings; his presence assuaged Pappalardi's anxiety that people might accuse Mountain of copying Cream's three-man attack. The most essential Mountain albums remain the first three. *Mountain* (Leslie's "solo" debut), *Climbing* and *Nantucket Sleighride*.

Leslie and Corky immediately joined with Jack Bruce after Felix left. West, Bruce & Laing, as they were known, relied on their massive reputations more than the quality of their music, releasing three albums and touring Europe for nearly three years. Eventually, the band collapsed, a drug heap of spent rock stars. A handful of solo records ensued, including Corky's own, and one that was a Leslie West/Mick Jagger collaboration. West fired Mick Jones from his ill-fated "Wild West" band, launching Jones into the high-finance circles of corporate rock, in Foreigner. Corky drummed in a new band, the Mix. Leslie gave guitar lessons.

And so, after traveling with a convoy of colossal semi trucks (one for each rock star in WB&L), the legendary guitarist and drummer worked themselves down to traveling with zero equipment (save for personal effects, guitars and cowbell). West and Laing have seen the glory, fallen from

grace and come to a fresh start. At New York's Bottom Line in October '82, West's playing was tighter and more polished than any time since Mountain's peak. He is a consummate feedback artist whose very facial expressions coax out that feedback in a flourish of circus showmanship. His blues shouter-type voice is sweeter now, he can still smack out the meanest harmonic ever heard, and he can put more expression into a series of fast notes than physically possible.

The two started playing dates this past year, no rehearsals, equipment supplied in total by the clubs—they walk onstage to a strange drum set and some Marshall amps. Says Corky: "We're on the line. There's an audience, here's the equipment. Play. That's what I mean by war. I adapt to a new kit every night. Me and Leslie are never comfortable at a show; we're pretty fuckin' scared. Anybody can rehearse. We never know where it's gonna land. We don't jam—I can't stand that fuckin' word. We concentrate on trying to get somewhere."

With former Savoy Brown bassist Miller Anderson, they've just signed with old manager Bud Prager, and changed their name to LAW. Sounds serious.

Leslie West's Upper East Side apartment building has a skinny entrance way, a tiny, claustrophobic elevator and a cramped hallway. Certainly not befitting the ominous size and charisma of a rock star that loomed over his Fillmore audience like Goliath, 12 years ago. The first floor of his duplex is too narrow, but this is where the fearsome figure of Leslie West resides in 1983, like it or not. Leslie is actually not that tall, under six feet, and less than jolly to boot. He sometimes catches his temper and instantly reverses to being friendly as pie.

Though Mountain albums line the wall, it looks like the apartment of a man who'd rather be on the road. Leslie rolls about his carpet like a huge puppy, playing his TV video games, grabbing for the wireless phone. He plays a cassette of some new songs banged out in the studio, switching back and forth between this and "Never in My Life." "Listen to how flat the old stuff is compared to this," he jests, dismissing the recording quality of the classic cut from the quintessential *Climbing* album. "I just want to show ya. I don't care how great I thought some groups that I saw were—they weren't shit, it's just the memory of the show and the magnitude of the artist." /continued

HIGH TIMES: How come you're so much better now than when we last saw you in 1975?
CORKY: For good reason. We were strung out then. We were riding the crest of a slump. We were on the way out. It was the end of something, not the beginning. When we came back together, it just kicked in, we had a great time. No ulterior motives, it wasn't like we wanted to make a million bucks—

LESLIE: I started my guitar school, a couple hundred students. There were amateurs and pros, but no matter who it was, it forced me to play something. I'd have to think back to the most basic thing in the world. I had to give them stuff to work on, and I got so many ideas. After those two years, I told Corky, man, I'm happy doin' this, I don't wanna be on the road anymore. I was makin' a lot of money... But all of a sudden we've got more original material.

CORKY: My band, the Mix, played with Judas Priest when they were soaring. They're all motorcycle, Hell's Angels-type *English* guys, big boys. The fucking guitar player came rushing in with his bodyguards, cleared the dressing room. I was scared, I didn't know what the hell was goin' on. But he said, "I saw Leslie, man, took some lessons, and he's taught me more, showed me a lot of shit."

HIGH TIMES: What's it like being a member of Mountain now? Is it still an entity that has to be dealt with, day by day?

LESLIE: It's in our lawyer's office now. . . I guess 'cause of my size, I get noticed more than usual.

HIGH TIMES: How do record company A&R men see you now?

LESLIE: If we had to start Mountain cold today, I don't care how good we



QUEENS CHARISMA: That incredible vibrato, that tone! He can even pull it out of a Japanese guitar—he don't need no Les Paul Jr. Thousands of guitarists have beefed up their own electronics, and their body weight, in emulation of the legendary Leslie West, who rose from humble Queens beginnings.

Photography • Peter Hudson

are, it's just too much. The record companies are oversigning groups. Polydor wants to be CBS overnight. They don't know what they're doing, they think this new wave is going to take them into a low tide.

CORKY: You got a lot of these young executives who were big fans of ours when they were kids. If they really liked ya, though, they don't want to go near ya, they want to keep it that way.

LESLIE: I don't want to meet Eric Clapton, man, and we played with Jack Corky's played with Clapton.

HIGH TIMES: You actually never met him, he still looks that big to you?

LESLIE: C'mon, you know what he's responsible for? Never mind that he hasn't—

CORKY: Same way as I felt about Ginger. I never met him, never wanted to. I don't say it's the same adulation with the A&R executives, but they wanna know how we're feelin', whether we're healthy enough to go on the road. The fact is, nobody ever did more roadwork than Mountain. We did 285 dates a year, for three years. Even now, in the past year, we covered the entire country twice, because we carry no equipment.

LESLIE: New wave became a fashion. You get all these groups, you throw 'em at the wall like darts to see which ones stick. The Police, Dire Straits, Sex Pistols, they had something to say. But most others weren't around as long as some of the groups when we started. We were at

Woodstock, that was the beginning of Santana, us and sort of Crosby, Stills & Nash. For years before that [with the Vagrants, a Long Island party band] I worked in discotheques, six sets a night. These groups today aren't old enough, they go to CBGB's, and the starving record executive is there picking one on their sixth month together—next month they've got an album out, and then they've broken up.

CORKY: The executives never fall in love with music, they fall in love with the fashion.

HIGH TIMES: What are royalties like now from early Mountain albums?

LESLIE: We only get ASCAP publishing royalties from radio, jukebox, not any from album sales. "Mississippi Queen" was the most, it



Mountain, standing great in 1971



UNCORKED SYMPHONY Big bopper, Corky Laing, the all-time master of sexual sledgehammer drumming. Sometimes, he is the riff itself.

was a hit single. Get a penny every time it's played in the jukebox

CORKY: *Nantucket* was the biggest seller, after *Climbing*

HIGH TIMES: What broke Mountain up after the *Flowers of Evil* album? Was it because you wanted to play with Jack Bruce?

LESLIE: Felix didn't want to work anymore, he didn't want to tour. He traveled with Ian and Sylvia around Canada, but it wasn't the same intensity. He was a session guy.

CORKY: Leslie and I always loved the road. We come from road bands. The only band he'd ever really been on the road with was Mountain.

LESLIE: He did not enjoy the success we had in Mountain as much as we did. When we first got our gold record, he called me

up and said, "You're gonna have your gold record on this day, I guarantee it." I said, "Well, you will too."

He felt he'd gotten his already, producing Cream, but now he was an artist. Felix was not as much an essential part of Cream's music, as he was to Mountain's music.

Anyway, me and Corky decided to take a vacation in England when Felix decided to leave. We had three more dates to do with Mountain in England.

CORKY: Just as an alternative, we called Paul Rodgers and Mick Ralphs, and had them come down to jam. We ended up introducing Bad Company.

LESLIE: I was thinking to myself, we gotta call a singer, a bass player, a keyboard player, or call Jack and get the whole thing solved right now.

We went into Island Studios, did a tape, and that was the beginning of West, Bruce & Laing.

HIGH TIMES: Backtracking a bit, what was Mountain's reception in England?

CORKY: Incredible. We were bigger there than here.

LESLIE: Guitar players were more respected over in England, for some reason.

CORKY: And also, they were all skinny, little Peter Frampton types, and when Leslie came over, they said we gotta check this freak.

LESLIE: And the English groups we toured with—Mott the Hoople, Jethro Tull, Ten Years After—they were our publicity agents. We were all great friends, we talked them up, they talked us up.

CORKY: And we helped

a lot of them open here—Black Sabbath opened for us.

HIGH TIMES: When did you first hit England?

LESLIE: In '71.

CORKY: Island Records had just released *Nantucket Sleighride* in England. There was a guy named Peter Rudge who was our tour manager over there. He did the Who over here, but over there, just us.

Since then, the Stones picked him up because of how fast Mountain came up in England, he was personally responsible.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, but promotion was still beside the point.

CORKY: But there was that soft-sell promotion thing, which wasn't heavy like billboard shit, it was authentic.

HIGH TIMES: Who came down to see you in England?

CORKY: Paul McCartney came down. Dylan and Hendrix came when we did the Fillmore.

HIGH TIMES: Hendrix mentioned Mountain as the only band he went out of his way to hear, in a posthumous *Guitar Player* interview.

LESLIE: I played with him the night before he died, at Ungano's Discotheque. He went to England the next day. He played bass and I played guitar. Some stupid, fuckin' magazine reviewed it and said that I played louder than him; I mean, usually guitar is louder than bass. The next day we went to Detroit, and the hotel clerk said, "Another one of you rock 'n' rollers kicked the bucket." Just like that. His father called me and asked if I wanted to buy some of his guitars. He called a lot of guitar players—

HIGH TIMES: Did you take any?

LESLIE: [registering disgust] Ugh. I thought it was phony at first, but it wasn't.

HIGH TIMES: I think Frank Zappa took some, he boasted of having a Hendrix guitar.

CORKY: I'll bet he did. He's that kind of guy [laughs].

LESLIE: Probably figured it would help his playing, ya know?

HIGH TIMES: What was your experience at Woodstock?

LESLIE: Nervous.

CORKY: I played on Ten Years After's record, the soundtrack of "Going Home." Ric Lee's drum mikes fell down and there was twenty-five minutes of bad timing.

LESLIE: The drums didn't come out and Corky had to overdub it.

HIGH TIMES: Woodstock was one of Mountain's first gigs?

LESLIE: Third. We had to rent our own helicopter, 'cause the highways were jammed, we were on Saturday night; we had a great spot, 'cause our agent was Jimi Hendrix's agent, Ron Terry. He was holding Hendrix over everybody's head—"Jimi's not showing up if you don't give me a good time for Mountain." Poor Jimi went on when nobody was left, he wanted to headline so bad. Anyway, in the helicopter, there was a first-aid kit, and I took out an amyl nitrite, a snapper. I saw all them people down there, I looked down and I did it. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

HIGH TIMES: Did you usually get high before concerts, did you ever trip onstage?

LESLIE: No. I never took Quaaludes—

CORKY: I'll tell you something. We used to have such a good time on stage, get so blitzed out. When we got offstage, we'd have to take drugs, to hopefully raise us up to that plateau again.

LESLIE: You try to relive that onstage moment of

high all your life, until you go on again. And it's impossible to get there, chemically, if you've been there naturally. And you'll try... Trouble is, when you're so fucked up, and you've gone as high as you can get, someone says, "You're really fuckin' up, ya gotta straighten out." And you're sittin' there floatin' away, not listening to them. Finally, I came up against a brick wall, I had no more choice. That's the only way to really stop. Nobody's gonna wake up one morning and say, "Yes, I think I'll clean up today." Not when you're fuckin' around with *that* stuff.

HIGH TIMES: Have you been trying to re-create the feeling of an encore at the Fillmore East all these years?

CORKY: You can't. But you try and get back up there again, you try to just inflate it a bit. And you can't.

LESLIE: And ya keep tryin'.

CORKY: You know you're gonna get there when you get onstage.

LESLIE: In fact, if you do it before, it's wasted.

CORKY: You sweat it out in about two seconds. Any intoxication is gone in the first five minutes between the lights. I'm talking about any drug. I don't know how these fuckin' acidheads did it.

LESLIE: The San Francisco groups were on acid, that's how they were able to play six hours.

CORKY: I don't know how, if you're touring twenty-four hours a day. We did three festivals a day in the summer. In those days, at festivals, after the first fifty rows, that's it. You can only see tits and cleavage for the first fifty rows. You keep an eye out for what's gonna get you off that day, but after that, after the first five or ten thousand people, what are you gonna do, you can't count them—

HIGH TIMES: You might as

well be at the Bottom Line.

LESLIE: The only way you know people are out there is when somebody tells ya it goes back about a mile.

HIGH TIMES: How did you feel about the notion that Mountain was the natural successor to Cream?

LESLIE: A lot of the press said that. People put me down, they said I copied Eric. I idolized the guy. Felix produced him, so there was that influence, and when West, Bruce & Laing came along, Jack was part of Cream, so there was that influence. And it's pretty hard not to admit to it, because they were my favorite group in the world. The reason we had a keyboard player is because Felix didn't want to look that way. But the music was that way, that's the way I played, I didn't have any roots in old blues, like all of these guys say they did.

HIGH TIMES: Old articles credited you as coming from the "B.B. King school."

LESLIE: I loved Albert King. But I didn't learn from him, I learned from the Who and Cream—

HIGH TIMES: But you were so close to their time, it's not as though you were brought up on them, they became successful two years before you—

LESLIE: Cream changed the fuckin' business. You had guys strumming away, and playing the drums nice—all of a sudden three guys came and played the shit out of these instruments.

HIGH TIMES: They were the second musical coming of the decade.

LESLIE: Hendrix and them, no doubt about it.

HIGH TIMES: But you were right behind, when only a handful of guitarists could play that way.

LESLIE: Behind? That don't count at the Kentucky Derby... Led Zeppelin only came out about the same time as us... Cream

was the first group, as players, to be able to do what the Beatles were doing as singers. John and Paul. Those are the ones. Unbelievable. Ever look at their songs in alphabetical order? Like a fuckin' yellow pages.

HIGH TIMES: Sure. Did you hear the recent BBC radio releases from 1962?

LESLIE: Amazing, huh? But everyone's excited about it except them.

HIGH TIMES: Did Mountain play the Fillmore more than any other group?

LESLIE: The Who might have played a little bit more. If you count the Fillmore West, I think Grateful Dead might have.

HIGH TIMES: What was the magic of those Fillmores that's lost today?

LESLIE: It was church.

HIGH TIMES: It's a gay disco club now.

CORKY: We could sit here for hours discussing whatever happened to that consciousness. But I can't blame anyone else but the industry, they're the culprits. I don't think they know it, I don't think they meant it consciously.

HIGH TIMES: What were Mountain groupies like?

CORKY: Leslie had the most beautiful ones. Unbelievable. He always used to fix me up so I'd get the clap. He needed most of them. Leslie got the most beautiful girls I've ever seen in my life goin' after him. I don't know why.

HIGH TIMES: Where did they congregate at the Fillmore? At Ratner's?

CORKY: As a matter of fact, the Fillmore wasn't that terrific. It would be after, they would get in touch. They might come back holding their panties, having pissed their pants or fudged their silks, to show their appreciation. Fine, I'll accept that, if that's the way they want to demonstrate it. □

RASTA ITATIONS

From Aethiopia by way of Babylon the Brethren of Rastafari await the prophesied Exodus and Movement of Jah people. Here in their own words and images is part of their story.

by Dakika Esrael



Millard Fairweather

Far far across the valley comes the sound of an almighty procession Zion bound. Chanting chanting Iyabinghi drums yunder and yant the call to redemption, Babylon doomed to fall, Iyudgment to come through Ivine intervention. Funde dance, Kette skip, Bass yunder, riddims praise Rastafari, the prophesied Anointed One, Jah the Redeemer in his biblical and kingly character. The year is 1930, and revelation of the newly crowned Black King of Ithiopia is proclaimed by the Brethren of Rastafari unto the world as the fulfillmant of biblical prophecies relating to the second coming of Christ on earth in his Ivine lineage.

Realizations of Afrika, specifically Ithiopia, the ancient Kingdom of Afrikanity being the Hala citadel of Jerusalem: Mount Zion to the tribes of Rastafari. Spiritual allegiance was given to the newly crowned King of Ithiopia by the Brethren as the rightful creator and ruler of the physical universe, the Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah. The King of Kings and Lord of Lords

manifest in the physical appearance of His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I: light and inspiration to the dispossessed mass of sufferer Jamaicans of Afrikan ascent reaching for salvation from the depths of slavery and degradation. A glorious king whose coming is to conquer, Negus Tafari Makonnen, godhead to the Movernant of Rastafari, domiciled on the island of Jamaica.

Just prior to and during the 1930s, there were various "witnesses" professing and expounding the belief that H.I.M. was indeed the prophesied King of Israel alluded to in several passages of the Hala Bible.

A cornerstone influence at the foundation of the doctrine was Marcus Mosiah Garvey, the first acknowledged international spokesman of Black Consciousness who foretold the event of the crowning of a Black King in Afrika who would herald the impending redemption of the Black race scattered throughout the world. Garvey is considered a supreme Black Zionist who articulated



Mina d'Fanzizacki



Mina d'Fanzizacki



Mina d'Fanzizacki



Lisa DuBois

Let all hearts, open and receptive to the uprising of Rastafari, come and take rest in the gardens of truth; the rebirth of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.



a philosophy of righteousness for the Black race which was to become a source of deep inspiration and guidance to the emerging Rastafarian consciousness and doctrine of the formative foundations; a John the Baptist prophet of the culture of Rastafari.

At the same time, there were others in agreement with Garvey's prophecies, and around these first orators was gathered a growing number of followers in the poverty-stricken ghettos of western Kingston and the rural areas of the island. H. Archibald Dunkley (King of Kings Missionary Movement), Joseph Nathaniel Hibbert (Ethiopian Coptic Faith), Leonard Howell of Pinnacle (Ethiopian World Federation) and his deputy Robert Hinds, were all part of eclectic missions that preached the initial doctrines of Rastafari at what is considered the inception of the movement. Leonard Howell established the communal Ethiopian World Federation in the Sligoville area of St. Catherine, known as Pinnacle, and it is partly through these portals that the growing awareness of Rastafari and Selassie began to spread into the colonial society of the '30s and '40s.

Communities sprung up in the poorest tin and board ghettos of western Kingston; the notorious Dungle, Back O' Wall, Shanty Town, Moonlight City and up in the Wareika Hills overlooking the city of Kingston. From these humble beginnings the



Rastafari Movemant has risen and spread its cultural consciousness through other West Indian Islands, into parts of the United States of America and Canada, into the United Kingdom and certain areas of Europe; to Afrika itself and other regions of the world just becoming acquainted with the vision of Rastafari, Jamaica, Selassie I and Afrika as a redemptive reality in the world today. Ongoing manifestations of the Spirit of I & I, the evolution of a practical "living way of life" based on the essentially revolutionary Christian doctrine of peace and love and the brotherhood of man existing in the "here and now" and not in some future or in an unseen "afterlife"; the reality of Zion upon this our one earth.

Picture colonial Jamaica of the 1930s, an axis of 400 years of exploitation of the masses in the name of the "motherland" England, a Crown colony maintained by the then British ruling class. Social rituals founded upon Anglo-Saxon ethics of church, state, morality, education and finance (social or otherwise) there on the island as in other colonies were nothing more than Britain removed to the Caribbean, "chips off the old block."

Colonial society by then was socially and financially ordered according to "class and station" of White, Chinese, Syrian, Black, Jewish, Indian and Creole, down to the rock-bottom dispossession of the Black sufferer masses. Thus it was upon the poor Black psyche that the initial outpourings of the spirit of Rastafari was accepted and taken to heart; it offered salvation to those whose lot was little better than nothing—poverty in the extreme with little or no hope of change for the better.

Theirs is to be the apocalyptical Exodus and Movemant of Jah people from all Babylonian Empires and the return to each man's vine and fig from where the ancestors were taken and cast in the West into slavery. Micah 4:4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid."

Rastafari transcends life in the spirit of a Jah-inspired life, setting aside all limitations I & I walk in the knowledge of the temple as witness to the love that the "I am that I am" bears unto his children.

Rasta is not concerned with the insanities perpetuated in the name of Christ and the fallen sinful nature of man. He lives within the tribulation of these times yet his "cloth" is washed pure in the rivers of salvation.

Rev. 7:13-14: "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

"And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Rastafari is love of one and all, do unto others as I & I would have others do unto I & I. The more

immediate, open and conscious I & I live, the more I & I experience the life-giving spirit of Christ dwelling within. Rasta knows through the 5 x 5 God-given faculties that life is a supreme gift to the universal earth functioning as a sacred bond with I Faada, the almighty and living Jah.

Rastafari defends the belief of the Black Christ of the ancient Solomonic house of Ethiopia, the supreme Adonai and creator of Heaven and Earth as the sole and true spiritual ruler of the creation manifested as the Holo One of Israel. Knowledge of the origins through the Black Christ of Rastafari stretching from antiquity and the union of King Solomon and Queen Makeda of Sheba whose son, Menelik I, established the first divine Solomonic throne in Ethiopia centuries ago. Black historical facts, hidden, denied and desecrated throughout time, now to be established through the awareness of historical fact and reality.

This I-sense (essence/inner sense) for Rastafari is an I-sense of natural intuitive intelligence, it involves full use of the 5 x 5 I-senses of the physical temple being attuned to the spirit to receive ongoing cycles of creative energy. A living sea of awareness, both inner I of the Irit, and outer I of the material world.

Let all hearts, open and receptive to the uprising of Rastafari, come and take rest in the gardens of truth, the rebirth of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Perhaps then truth shall once again prosper as Jah knoweth and liveth.

—*Dakika Esrael*

FREE RASTAMAN

Rasta man live with love in Jamaica.

Rasta man love herb

That is his main meal.

I & I don't teef no one

I & I try to do the bes we can for people.

What Rasta would like is to be free

Free from all bad tings dat is happening to us
down here in Jamaica

Now a police is coming down the street an him see
a Rasta

Yu hear him seh,

I Rasta bwoy stop dhere

Where is the Ganja you gat dhere,

Lek I see in de bag.

An he look, an he look, an he look

But he fine nuttin'

An he say,

Come less tek you to the station

An de Rasta will go to the station with the police

An he will say,

Sit an dat bench dhere

I will soon deel wit yu.

—*King Saba*

HOLA HERB



For Rastafari, the use of herb represents a sacrament of the Church Triumphant, serving creative thinking, relaxation and reasoning amongst the Brethren. It is interpreted as a *hola* herb, given to man by the Creator for the "healing of the nations."

Ganja is taken as each individual sees fit. It can be prepared in the form of ganja tea or ganja wine, or used in foods. Usually the herb is cut and cleaned of excess seeds on a wooden *suru* board. It is then blessed with a few drops of water, recut and rolled into conical-shaped "spliffs" of varying sizes, or packed into the cup of a makeshift water pipe known as a "cutchie" pipe or "chalice." The act of passing the chalice and sipping from the cup has become a reverential practice amongst the Brethren of Rastafari, who look upon this act with reverence toward the Creator as an invocation of his almighty universal power. The herb, when smoked in a gathering, symbolizes the act of unification or "Inty" amongst those gathered together in the sight of the Most I Jah. It is accepted as binding the participants together in the fullness and powers of the Godhead, thereby creating a vibrating flow of mutual Iditations amongst those participating in this sacramental act.

For Rasta, the herb experience represents a positive act toward the Creator, and not a negative "end," as is so often the case in the Babylonian reference.

Rastafari will never deny the herb. They partake of the inner burning vibrations and are aware of the fullness within one's physical body; they alone are the sum awareness and reality of their own experience. No amount of social rhetoric will sway the Rastafarian's attitude to their faith, or their beliefs concerning the *hola* sacrament.

The entire so-called ethical and medical reality regarding the use of marijuana rests solely with the individual conscience; one chooses as one sees fit. Rastafari *know* and for I & I it is just so.

—I & I Sacrament of Fiyah

SOON COME...



GANJA
100 lbs.
PRODUCT OF
STANNS BAY
JAMAICA

OD
COUNTAIN

SS
A

BLU



HERBS

GANJA

100 lbs.

PRODUCT OF
STANNS BAY

SPLIFF SPLASH!

High Times at the Jamaica World Music Festival

The cramped DC-8 from Philadelphia and New York to Montego Bay, Jamaica, was filled with enthusiastic music lovers on their way to a festival organized as a tribute to Bob Marley. The event promised to be one of the musical high points of the decade. The atmosphere was something resembling a college road trip as the fans buzzed with excitement. Much of the regular festival paraphernalia was in evidence—backpacks, camping gear—but everyone on board was equipped with portable music systems, from Walkmans to blaster boxes.

Most of the people were listening to reggae tapes on their machines. The guy sitting next to me said excitedly to his friend sharing the feed of a Walkman II, "When Yellowman hits that stage I'm gonna *freak!*" Ironically, the festival lineup was noticeably thin in reggae acts, in accordance with the concept of bringing in foreign acts to play Jamaica on a previously unheard of scale. Though the planeload of tourists sang the praises of reggae, they probably wouldn't be there if it weren't for the presence of groups like the Grateful Dead and the Clash on the program.

As we made the long, sweeping bank toward Montego Bay airport and cut through the haze to see the pastel blue waters of the Caribbean, a clamor of exultant yells and cheers came up. No description can fully prepare you for the exquisite beauty of Jamaica. The sun is warm and friendly without being oppressive, a gentle breeze keeps you refreshed and the lush, hilly topogra-

phy provides any number of pleasant vistas interspersed with the odd glimpse of the sea. Otherwise, the island is full of paradox and contradiction as the very rich and very poor all leave an indelible stamp.

Montego Bay is Jamaica's second city after Kingston, and is built up almost exclusively around the tourist industry. Vestiges of British imperialism peek through a fabric of utter poverty in the most unlikely places: you'll see a bunch of rude boys at a betting shop listening to the horse races, which are being narrated in crisp, nasal intonation of King's English by a British correspondent.

The scene at the festival campground provided a good illustration of the weird contrasts you constantly run across in Jamaica. If you had tickets for all three nights of the festival, the government provided a campsite for a very small amount of money, so a long line of American backpackers trudged into the area, which was secured by 15-foot high riot fences. Outside the fence stood hundreds of locals peddling an assortment of items from ganja to Ital craft, knit caps and paintings of Bob Marley. Behind the merchants and onlookers fully armed government troops marched around conspicuously.

Despite the pronounced military presence, there was no sign of anyone being hassled. I asked the camp organizer what the official policy concerning marijuana was and he said, "I'll show you how we do things here," then proceeded to roll and smoke a large spliff at the



registration table. Soon, most of the campers were practicing junior Rastaman techniques diligently, smoking lots of herb, swimming in the unbelievably beautiful water, lying on the pink sands and generally getting into the proper framework for listening to music.

As is so often the case in these kinds of events, it appeared that everything just barely managed to come off in time for the show. When they first tried to hook up the power for the biggest sound stage ever assembled in Jamaica, two nights before the show was scheduled to begin, Montego Bay suffered a power blackout. Bulldozers were still scraping away furiously around the festival grounds right up to the last minute, and the space in front of the stage resembled a giant parking lot.

There was one extraordinary difference between this and other festival sites. The Bob Marley Performing Center is a permanent venue that will presumably be used for an annual



"I am not here to exalt myself, I am here to exalt the name of Jah." Peter Tosh addressing the multitudes.

Thanksgiving weekend event of the same dimensions, and perhaps for other shows as well. It's part of a concerted attempt by the new Jamaican government to make the island a more attractive place for young tourists. The government of Jamaica constructed the facility and brought in Denver-based producer Barry Fey to book and co-promote the event. The sound, lights, stage management, et cetera, were all brought in from the States.

Not surprisingly, there has been a lot of criticism of the Bob Marley Performing Center. Oddly enough, the most outspoken opponents of the concept during the festival itself were the British bands and journalists who obviously didn't mind showing up, but felt obliged to put the whole thing down on style terms. Granted, tourism is not pretty—at the hotel where the prefestival press conference was held you had

to turn your money in for small plastic bananas at the front desk in order to purchase anything, so the tourists were all walking around with these mock money necklaces made of plastic bananas. But tourism is the life's blood of Jamaica, and the English bands who participated in the event, with thinly disguised contempt for the whole proceeding, displayed the worst kind of imperialist chauvinism—ultra-hip "political" bands like the English Beat and the Clash pretend to know what's good for these "backward" people. You don't see them criticizing Israel for promoting tourism.

For the record, the primary criticism seems to have been that a venue should not have been constructed to attract foreign groups, but smaller ones should have been built to house reggae bands. You can be sure this isn't a criticism generated by Jamaicans. I found out

from a number of Jamaicans that the real issue isn't live venues for groups, but radio airplay for the records. By appearing at, and being a spokesperson for the festival, Rita Marley was able to articulate this concern and effectively promote reggae music. "It's hard to get reggae played on the radio," she said at the preconcert press conference. (Her underground hit "One Draw" was banned for openly referring to marijuana.) "But this festival should bring more attention to reggae and may help to change that."

It's certainly true that even if you tried, you couldn't have packed more dignitaries onto the 6,000 square-foot stage known as "Big Bertha" the opening night of the show. Dozens of officials, dignitaries, the mayor of Montego Bay and Jamaican Prime Minister Seaga were on hand, along with Rita Marley for the ceremony. It was an occasion

for some bombast, plenty of hype, a few false rumors and even a couple of eloquent moments capped off by a half hour of fireworks displays.

Edward Seaga gave a speech outlining Jamaican music's rise to international prominence, and naturally took special care to identify Bob Marley's singular influence on not just reggae but all world music.

"We welcome all of you here tonight," he told an embarrassingly sparse opening-night crowd of about 10,000 people. "I'm here tonight to open the Bob Marley Performance Center because Bob Marley lives. He lives with us here tonight just as he lives wherever the music of people is played.

"Robert Nesta Marley was a great Jamaican who gave much to his people, and also much to the music of his generation, and it's fitting that we should all be gathered here tonight to dedicate to his memory a place which will be used in large measure for musical performance and the commencement of the biggest pop-music festival ever to be held in this country, the Jamaica World Music Festival. It was through Bob Marley's genius that that unique musical form, reggae, established itself internationally."

It was during this speech that the festival's hottest rumor started. "The top names in music worldwide have recorded and are recording reggae," said Seaga, "and I know that some of these musicians are in Jamaica with us and will be performing during the next few days of the festival we are opening here tonight. Groups like the Rolling Stones..." During the minute-long silence he allowed for this information to sink in, the crowd began to buzz excitedly. The rest of the speech, including the humorous attempts to link reggae to new-wave music, fell on deaf ears.

But when Rita Marley, Bob's brave widow, took the stage to add her comments to the dedication, the crowd was all ears. "I know if Bob was here in the flesh," she said, "he would be appreciative for this gesture, right? So I really and truly give Bob's blessing and the blessing of our father, His Imperial Majesty Emperor Haile Selassie I, and truly hope and pray that this place will be a blessing to us all. One love, one aim, one destiny, one God for us all."

After the fireworks the music began most appropriately with a stirring set from the reunited Wailers. Marley's presence was so strong and charismatic that reuniting the Wailers is a traumatic

move for the musicians involved, particularly for lead guitarist Junior Marvin, who has the unenviable task of trying to fill Marley's shoes as vocalist and front man. The band sounded tight and assured, though, and their recent material adds a new dimension to the group's sound. One song, "Preacher Man," featured a fine lead guitar solo. The special moments in the set came when the I-Threes, vocalists Rita Marley, Judy Mowatt and Marcia Griffiths, came on to sing. After a hot "Positive Vibration," with a long bass solo from Aston "Family Man" Barrett and a skanky, sinuous "Them Belly Full (But We Hungry)," Rita introduced the great "Redemption Song."

"Not just for the show tonight," said Rita, as the keyboard intro wove a peaceful spell behind her, "but we sing it for all of you out there because it was made for you." The angelic three-part harmony vocal provided a dramatic and soothing contrast to the Wailers' red-hot instrumental sound, and "Redemption Song" became the first transcendent moment of the festival. The group went on to finish the all too brief set with a stirring rendition of "Exodus." The Jamaica World Music Festival had opened on the finest note imaginable.

The next act was Toots and the Maytals. Toots can usually be counted on to provide an entertaining set of reg-

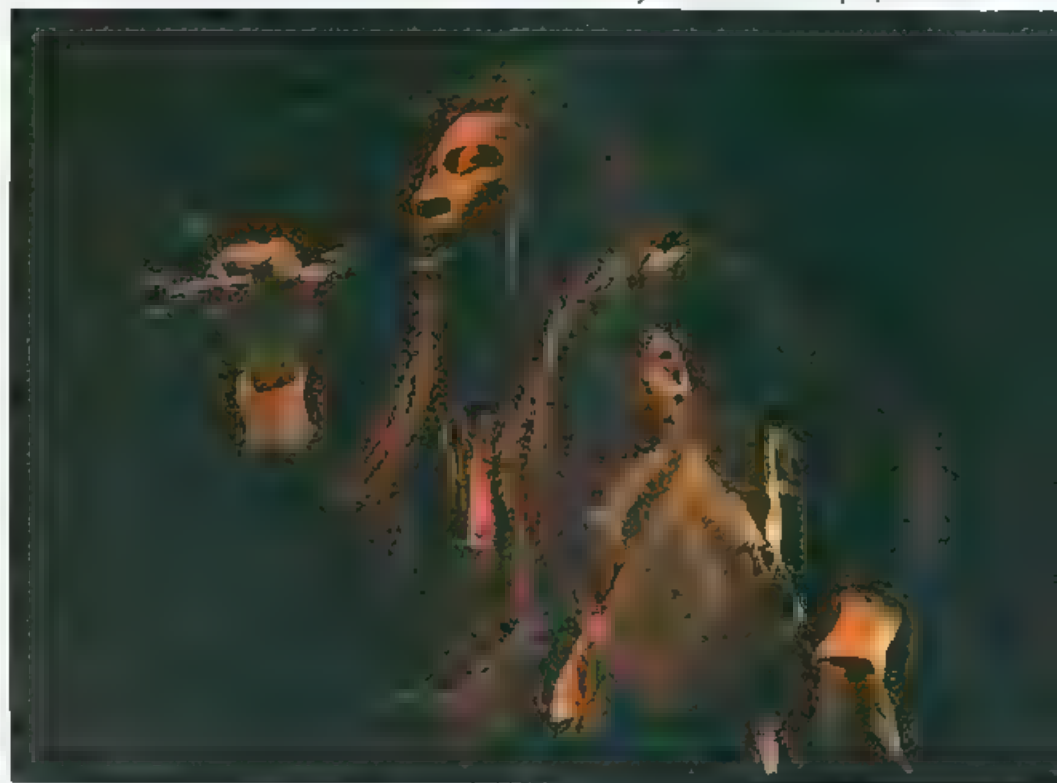
gae cum soul music, but on this night he was mysteriously off. He fought throughout his set to get things going, but was met with nothing but indifference from the crowd, and by the end he was fighting for emotion so desperately it was embarrassing. He grunted and howled ineffectively in what almost seemed to be a parody of Otis Redding, and unsuccessfully attempted to get some kind of response from the audience.



Above: His father's son: Ziggy Marley

Below: Bunny Wailer in a rare performance.

Photography • Lisa DuBois



On the dusty midway the crowd amused itself by wandering around, checking out the scores of stands run by local merchants and craftspeople. Jerk chicken, a marinated and fried delicacy that melts in your mouth, proved a popular item, along with curry goat and the wide variety of tasty vegetarian dishes. Lots of Red Stripe and Heineken beer were on hand, not to mention a seemingly unlimited supply of the finest marijuana most of the foreign fans had

ever tasted. The effects of the latter, along with the up to two-hour delays between sets, may well have had something to do with the apparent apathy for much of the crowd during the three long nights of music.

The beauty of the surroundings, the peaceful and manageably small size of the crowd and the fact that you were likely to turn around and bump into Rita Marley, Chris Difford or Cindy Wilson, made this a festival unlike any

since Monterey in '68. Would that the music was as good. As the B52's came on, the announcer did his best to push the "world" angle, shouting, "How are things in Atlanta?" Unfortunately, the B52's sounded tired and arch, although some of the Rastas on hand seemed to get a kick out of the band's Eisenhower America image.

The older Jamaicans in the crowd went wild for the next act, Gladys Knight and the Pips, who delivered a tight, professional show-biz performance, mixing new material with more familiar numbers and climaxing with a razzle-dazzle greatest-hits medley. Jimmy Cliff followed with the same approach and got the same crowd reaction.

The interminable delay between sets, and the crowd's wild anticipation for the Grateful Dead, combined to produce the festival's only ugly moment. The percentage of avid Dead heads in the tourist crowd most likely approached half—many of the campsite tents were festooned with a variety of Dead emblems—and all too many of those fans were screaming and cursing at their heroes by the time the band actually began to play sometime after 3 A.M.

"Do you have the Jamaican head?" shouted the announcer. "Do we have the Dead heads? Used to call themselves the Warlocks. Now'm Truckin' The Grateful Dead." The announcer must have been surprised when the band merely continued to tune up quietly for another 15 minutes after that intro, but the crowd was in an increasingly foul mood, booing and shouting, "Play it, instead of playing with it!" Must have taken that acid a bit too soon.

A dull, terrible "Sugaree" started things off, followed by a better "All New Minglewood Blues," and a "Loser" that showed definite signs of life. Then, with "The Women Are Smarter," the band took off with Garcia soloing in classic form, which he held through a delicate reading of "Althea." The pyrotechnics started on the brilliant "Let It Grow" section from "Weather Report Suite," a magic piece of music that got the band hopping, with Phil Lesh establishing a commanding presence with his bass playing, forcing Garcia's hand in one of those long instrumental jams that have made the Grateful Dead legendary.

The band followed a short break with more great playing as the second set opened with "Sampson and Delilah," which provided another improvisational



Above: Lead singer Michael Rose of Black Uhuru.
Below: Jimmy Cliff. Roots-rock showbiz.



diving board that once again pitted Garcia and Lesh in the finest of exchanges. Garcia continued to excel on "Scarlet Begonias," but the high point of the whole night was "Fire on the Mountain," played with spectacular beauty at sunrise as a mild dawn shower covered the crowd with dew. Lesh showed his familiarity with the roll bass-playing takes in reggae, leading the band with spellbinding sheets of loping, melodic lines.

After playing the long Kreutzmann/Hart double drum solo, the obligatory boogie, "Not Fade Away," a pensive "Black Peter" and a celebratory breakfast run-through of "Good Loving," the Grateful Dead finished off night-one at about eight o'clock in the morning.

The second night was characterized by wild swings in both the quality of the music and the expectation placed on it by the audience. The English Beat opened up with stupidly cynical hostility, making a smug remark about Woodstock and insisting on insulting the audience whenever possible. They're an exceptional band, and the remarks were probably an honest reaction, but the hostility was hardly in keeping with I-and-I philosophy ("If you get down and quarrel every day/ You're sayin' prayers to the devil I say"—Bob Marley), and they paid for it by being unable to really give anything, despite quite an expense of energy. The announcer pegged them pretty well as they left the stage and he said, "It's beautiful to see black and white together on the stage. Yah, just like 'Ebony and Ivory.'" The English Beat further embarrassed themselves by forcing an encore less than a minute after they split, when the crowd was absolutely sitting on its collective hands.

If the English Beat was the festival's biggest disappointment up to that moment, they didn't keep the distinction long, because after a ludicrously inappropriate appearance by Stacy Lattislaw, Aretha Franklin performed a tragically empty and lackluster set. After the near-triumph Gladys Knight had pulled off the night before, you could only feel that Aretha wished she hadn't signed on for the gig.

Black Uhuru saved the night with the finest set of music of the whole three days. Their records are good, but they don't prepare you for how awesome they are in person. The key to the band's astonishing sound is the rhythmic architecture constructed by masterminds Sly Dunbar on drums and Robbie Shakespeare on bass. The two combine for a sound that is not only the

most advanced and experimental application of reggae, it is unmatched in emotional intensity and technological exploitation by modern rhythm sections in any context. You could have sworn the Alpha Centurians were landing as these strange but familiar patterns of thump and echo carved their way through the night, nestling the nearly full moon into its quiet seabed beyond the hilltops.

Country singer Skeeter Davis was a treat for Jamaicans who've never even had a remote chance to hear such music in person, and the Beach Boys followed with their by now standard "official" version of early '60s American music. The breakfast-set on the second night came from Yellowman, an albino DJ who's recently become the toast-master of Jamaican rappers. Yellowman uses his unusual appearance as part of the subject matter of his raps, which often are something to the effect that women don't like him at first glance, but once he gets them between the sheets look out. That's not his only rap, though—some of the stuff gets pretty political. He brought his backing band down to a dead stop, shouted "Don't put no Babylon on me!" then continued to skank on into the dawn.

By the third day, Rolling Stones mania had reached epidemic proportions. Around the campfires the cognoscenti all agreed that Mick Jagger would be jumping out from the wings sometime during Peter Tosh's set, and that the Stones would go on to close the proceedings.

Bobby and the Midnights kicked off the festival's last night with a set that was one of the event's most pleasant surprises. Dead heads looking for another taste of Captain Trips may have been disappointed by the news that Jerry Garcia had already left the island, but music lovers of any description could only crack a smile when the band played a version of "The Women Are Smarter" that was crisper than the Dead's own rendition. Bob Weir may seem like not much more than the golden throat in the Grateful Dead lineup, but minus Garcia his guitar playing gets enough attention to merit plenty of respect. Other highlights of the set were "Festival," "Young Blood" and a beautiful reading of the Lowell George classic, "It's So Easy," that segued into a lengthy instrumental passage.

Joe Jackson continued the tradition of insulting behavior established by British visitors at the festival, and was escorted from the stage by the announcer with the amusing accolade, "Let's hear

it for the comedian of music, Joe Jackson." Rita Marley got things moving again with a set that included an appearance by the Melody Makers, a group comprised of Bob and Rita's children, including the magnificent Ziggy, who resembles his father both physically and vocally. Ziggy did a great "No Woman No Cry" and the whole group delivered stirring versions of "One Love," "One Draw" and a fantastic "Jamming."

"Do you want a man who spends two million dollars on his clothes?" asked the announcer by way of introducing Rick James. James was slick, alternated straight Hendrix cops (including a virtual note-for-note recap of the Hendrix version of "The Star Spangled Banner") with syrupy ballads, and put the crowd to sleep. That's where most of them still were when Squeeze took the stage for the final performance of their career. They were the only British band at the proceedings to avoid the petty insults and put-downs of the event, and, not surprisingly, they also played the finest set—a beautiful selection of their best songs interspersed with a few covers, most notably the Booker T and the MG's chestnut, "Time Is Tight."

The Clash is a band with a mixture of moments they can be proud of, and moments that only heap disgrace on them. They are capable of colossal stupidity and prejudice, which they exhibited in spades at this festival. Joe Strummer displayed all the political savvy of an officer of the British East India Company with the opening remark, "Maybe next time they'll let the natives in free." Who does he think he is, Tarzan? The Clash is a band proud of the fact that its music is a forced, amphetamine rush devoid of the rhythmic subtlety of "accomplished" music-industry dinosaurs. In fact, the band has a rhythm section incapable of the variation and nuance that characterizes the reggae rhythmic tradition, as their pathetic attempts to play reggae proved.

The festival ended with a great set from Peter Tosh, who has come into his own as reggae's greatest spokesman since Bob Marley's death. Tosh started with the ominous statement of purpose, "Stepping Razor," and finished with a warning to all who would listen, that if this Performance Center is to truly work in Bob Marley's memory, it must help to bring about the change in Jamaican radio policy toward reggae.

Tosh ended the festival on the right note, and it would be hard to imagine that his warning, and the one sounded by Rita Marley at the start of the event, could go unheeded. □

THE SINSEMILLA SNITCHES

Farmer beware: Sleazeballs and sociopaths are conspiring with narcs to ruin your life. Witness Oregon's wreckage. by Dean Latimer

It's spring already! Quick! Time to dust off the fluorescents, polish up the halides, lay in some potting soil and sort out the best of last year's seeds. You've labeled them properly, right? "Afghani," "Thai-Mex Cross," "Weird but Good," "Commie 'Lombo," "Noir de Senegal." Get 'em all nicely started under the lights now, and along about late May you can start picking out likely grow spots in the woods.

Right about this time, by government estimate, 80,000 people, or so, all around the country are thinking along these lines. And, though it may sound as casual and pleasurable as putting in a crop of zucchini, these people are all involving themselves—by the strict construction of the law—with the "manufacture" of a "Schedule I Controlled Substance"—like heroin. Just as though 80,000 Mafia chemists were conspiring to set up that many heroin kitchens out in the woods.

Now, if the police in the United States were ever to take off after these 80,000 people with all the vigor and ruthlessness ordinarily reserved for Mafia chemists—if the police were to start enforcing the laws against this Schedule I Controlled Substance, as they are obliged to do by oath and statute—it would go something like the stories that follow.

The stories are true. They happened in Oregon last year. No names have been changed for anyone's protection, because everyone involved stinks to high heaven. Similar things will certainly happen this year, from the Rockies to the Smokies, wherever people grow marijuana. And the damage it all causes will just go on for years and years, long after the laws against marijuana have been reordered to reflect some semblance of sanity.

So, this is what to watch out for, you scores of thousands of people who grow

sinsemilla. Good luck.

It was because of the kids, that was the only reason I got involved," Richard Lee Johnson was still reciting, after busting 59 of his friends and relations around the Illinois Valley in Oregon last summer. "They was taking kids, eight and nine years old, and giving it to them free, until they got 'em hooked. Then they was turning around, getting them to bring up stuff from out of the house. Tools and guns, anything like that to pay for the dope. And we're talking about coke and crank. For little kids. And marijuana."

Richard Lee, a free-lance confidential informant for the Sheriff's Department of Josephine County, by the California border on the Pacific slope, was also telling HIGH TIMES this about his employers:

"They promised me, when they relocated me they was gonna give me another home and a whole bunch of stuff. Now they say, 'Well, we can't do any of that now.' So basically what they're saying is, 'The only thing we're gonna do is move you, give you pay for three months, and you're on your own'—with no background, no credit, no nothing, things that you build up for a lifetime. And if they're trying to fuck me that way, I know how to fuck back."

Richard Lee Johnson started out in 1981, at age 40, with a wife and five kids and a lifetime of very equivocal background and credit around O'Brien, Oregon, as a public-spirited citizen assisting the police with their inquiries. He wound up, a year later, leading the whole imbecilic Sheriff's Department of Josephine County around by the nose, and aggravating law-enforcement

ulcers as far away as Washington, D.C.

The police in Oregon have some definite uses for public-spirited citizens like Johnson these days, because the whole Pacific Northwest is in the grip of a wave of comically disorganized crime: "the sinsemilla syndrome." Unemployment is as bad now as at any time in the '30s, but inflation is a *whole* lot higher, and it's been that way for so long that homegrown marijuana is about the only green-colored medium of exchange available to a lot of people. Richard Lee Johnson himself noticed this early on, in his survivalist army-surplus shop in O'Brien.

Survivalism, like pot, is also epidemic to the Pacific Northwest in this era of general catastrophe. Richard Lee, peddling tent-pegs and canteens and canvas boots in O'Brien, discovered that customers who bought on credit, and then couldn't make the tab, had this tendency to bring in bags of sinsemilla homegrown. "They came in and threw pot on the counter and said, 'Take it or leave it.'" After accumulating a couple-four ki's of mountain sinsemilla this way, Richard Lee commenced bartering them to an upstate surplus-gear wholesaler—smoke for stock.

Gradually it all came together for Richard Lee, who has a fine imagination. Oregon was looking at a whole new kind of narcotics industry, different from any before. Instead of the classic pyramid structure, with a few wealthy Mr Bigs funneling foreign narcotics down through an exponentially increasing number of middlemen to a vast class of impoverished addicts, the Pacific homegrown industry was a vast class of impoverished *producers* haphazardly funneling narcotics *up* to a few wealthy Mr Bigs.

A new narcotics structure existed, then, ordaining brave new law-enforcement tactics, Richard Lee concluded, and he determined to get in on the ground floor. He went to the newly appointed head of the Josephine County narco squad, Detective Dave Claar, with his theory: The police should shift their emphasis from going after major drug traffickers, in this matter of homegrown marijuana, and concentrate instead on these penny-ante neighborhood consumer-dealers. Though it was



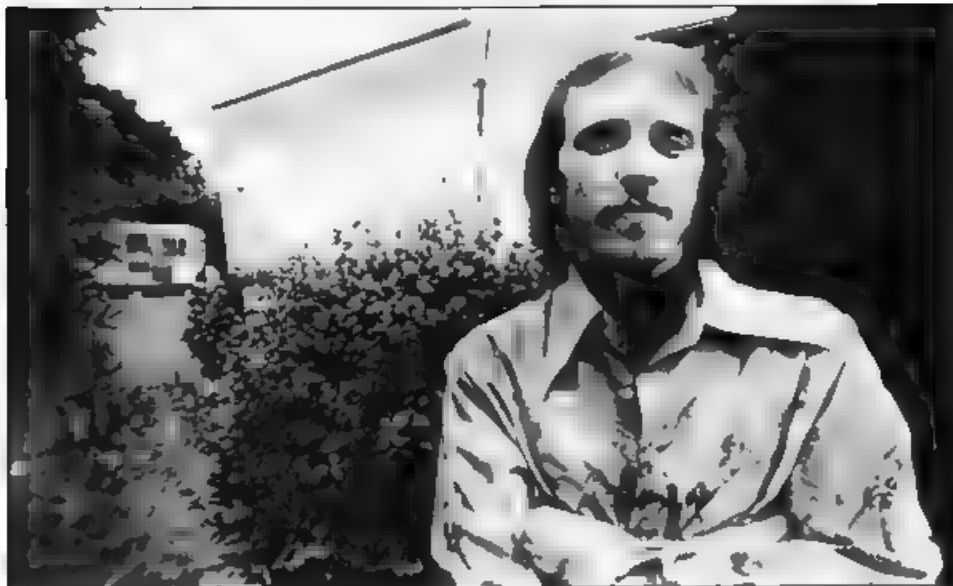
Richard Lee Johnson, the scourge of Josephine County, posed for news photographs in full survivalist getup back when he was just another oddball in the rural Illinois Valley.

clearly beyond the county's severely depressed enforcement budget to scour the woods for every wide-scattered sinse bush, a good neighborhood snitch like Richard Lee Johnson here could surely haul in, oh, a hundred or two of these local folks. Once busted, these impoverished consumer-dealers could surely be induced to turn over *both* ways: down on the growers in the woods, and up the pipe toward people like Richard Lee's man in Portland and, perhaps, the Mr. Bigs themselves.

The more he talked about it, and thought about it, the more magnificent Richard Lee's secret prospects became. As a survivalist, gun buff, cop groupie, devoted fan of *Soldier of Fortune* and *HIGH TIMES*, Richard Lee was even more aware of his grand and historic outlaw purpose. Thus caper would put him literally *beyond the law*, once he got done snitching on every fifth person all along the Illinois Valley. He would have

the cops in his pocket afterward, when everyone would surely be gunning for him. They would have to take good care of him, set him up in grand style, like one of those legended Mafia stoolies—a grand new home and a secret identity in some glamorous faraway place, and occasional assignments to penetrate the underworld on the government tab.

Detective Dave Claar readily guaranteed Richard Lee a slot in the Federal Marshal's Witness-Protection Program, Richard says he remembers clearly. In the meantime, there was work to be done. Once Richard Lee had proven himself a "reliable informant" by pot-snitching on some acquaintances for no immediate financial inducement, they put him on "the Program," as Dave Claar's project was comfortingly called, at \$400 a week. Then, fabulous day, they taught him how to wear a wire



Mark Caven wreaked havoc, posing as a job recruiter in Wasco County.

unobtrusively, and how to set people up without having it come across as legally reversible entrapment: "I never asked anybody if they had drugs for sale," Johnson afterward guaranteed Grants Pass *Daily Courier* crime reporter Bonnie Henderson. "I said, 'Do you know anybody who has drugs for sale?' They consider it entrapment if you flash money and ask somebody if they got something for sale that they didn't offer first."

Richard Lee's wife and kids, over the first half of 1982, were puzzled about how their dad was suddenly plunged arse-over-teakettle into the grubby dope scene the length and breadth of the Illinois Valley. One of the older boys got so disgusted he used it as the excuse for leaving home permanently. But still the Johnson name became famous among the Siskiyou hills. Richard knew no shame at all when it came to hounding down penny-ante narcotics violators.

He gave himself the most glamorous "cover" this side of a Robert Ludlum thriller: Richard Lee Johnson was now a weed collector for some ruthless syndicate of sinsemilla magnates, with Hell's Angels enforcers and connections in San Francisco and Texas. When he came to you and more or less forcibly tucked a few \$50 bills in your Levi's jacket pocket, then you *had* to rustle up some weed for Richard Lee Johnson, or you and your loved ones were looking at a *hurting*.

The *Courier's* Henderson later got to transcribe some of Johnson's technique

from the evidence tapes. Johnson to a prospective sinsemilla defendant, demanding dope:

"The guy that I sold for is a millionaire, he's got some people down there on retainer, and he told me the other day, if they keep on giving me trouble, he's going to send them up here and take care of them. And that particular motorcycle gang, when they come up they play hard. I really hate to see it happen."

After that, assuming you *had* accepted Richard Lee's money in advance—the county spent \$15,000 on penny-ante dope purchases during this program—it was certainly hard to deny him the dope when he came around to collect. And that's when Richard Lee would start talking about the children. Innocent little children. It went on his personal body wire nearly every single time he made a collection, a Grants Pass attorney told *HIGH TIMES* later—that Richard Lee Johnson intended to supply these Schedule I narcotics to children. Children as young as eight or nine. Give it to them for free, until they got hooked. Then they would steal tools and guns out of the house, and bring them to Richard Lee so that he could fence them for more dope. It was narcotics detective Dave Claar's opinion, obviously, that this obscene fantasy would play just wonderfully before a judge, in the fullness of time. Who but a dog-dick-sucking scumball would furnish dope to a psychopath who said he specifically planned to poison children with it?

Anyway, Johnson was well-known as a preposterous space case around the Illinois Valley, a passionate survival cultist with really extraordinary ideas about marijuana. With similar gun freaks from around the Siskiyous, Richard Lee, with his glorious red beard and snappy Vietnam jungle suit, was a notable figure at the Rough and Ready Creek Survival Camp, where he grew pot—for medicinal purposes only, and for use only in the event of nuke attack. "The basic reason it was planted was for radiation poisoning from fallout," says Richard Lee. He had read somewhere (not in *HIGH TIMES*!) that delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol forestalls nausea and vomiting triggered by radiation treatment in cancer therapy; so first-aid kits at the Rough and Ready Creek Camp came stocked with Richard's weed, against the day the Ivans might attack. When this gun-freak space case suddenly started raving about giving dope to small children, then—for some delirious and complicated reason of his own—it wasn't exactly out of character.

The hand grenade was very much in character, too. Besides survival gear, Johnson was known locally as a supplier of illegal combat ordnance, such as automatic rifles, which he continued to peddle—reportedly—in the first half of 1982. This was the period during which he was on the sheriff's payroll, and during this period a hand grenade was pitched one night through the window of a tavern in O'Brien. Happily, it was still pinned, but it did cause a few drams of adrenalin to flow in the people who found it next morning. A future sinsemilla defendant at this point approached the likeliest local bomb-flinger he could think of, and asked him if he'd done it.

"Me?" Richard Lee Johnson scoffed into his body wire. "If it'd been me, I'd've pulled the pin. Two people I really like work at the tavern, they started a petition to drive me out of town." (Later on, under oath, Johnson explained that he'd only done it because the owner of the joint had 86'd him permanently—merely for sticking a pistol in the bar-keep's face in the course of an ordinary argument.)

It was around this time that Richard Lee Johnson began to become oppressed

/ continued on page 76

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Dr. McDope and PP THE GREAT COCAINE CASE

by Steve Meyers and Bob Dedmon

McDope! The American Council on Marijuana is holding a Coke Conference. The Message will be: "COCAINE IS NO GOOD" Can you help us?

YOU KNOW WHERE I STAND.

Good, we got to tell them Cocaine is unacceptable.

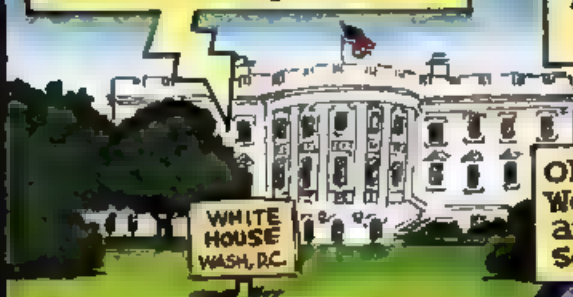
I DON'T LIKE BASE.

Thataboy McDope, That's GOOD!

I HAVE TO BE TRUE TO THE DATA.

OF COURSE (hehehe) We wouldn't want it any other way... see ya there!

HMMM BETTER BRING MY CASE.



THE MAYOR OPENS
CONFERENCE...

COKE IS A TERRIBLE PROBLEM.
WHO NEEDS IT? WE HAVE GRASS
ROOTS POLITICS HERE AND WE
GET HIGH ON THAT!



COCAINE IS THE GREAT
HOOK. IT'S RISKY LIKE DRIVING
A MOTORCYCLE. IT MEANS
PLEASURE, GLAMOUR, SUCCESS
AND WEALTH. THAT'S DIRTY.
SHAME
SHAME



IT WAS THE IN-DRUG OF THE
1880'S. PRODUCED TRANSCENDENTAL
JOY, SUBLIME ENERGY, CREATIVE
IMAGINATION AND MEDICAL
MIRACLES. WE MUST REMEMBER
HISTORY SO WE DON'T REPEAT IT!



COKE PRODUCES PITEOUS
SKELETONS AND AN IRRESIS-
TIBLE CRAVING IN ANYONE.
EVEN ME!



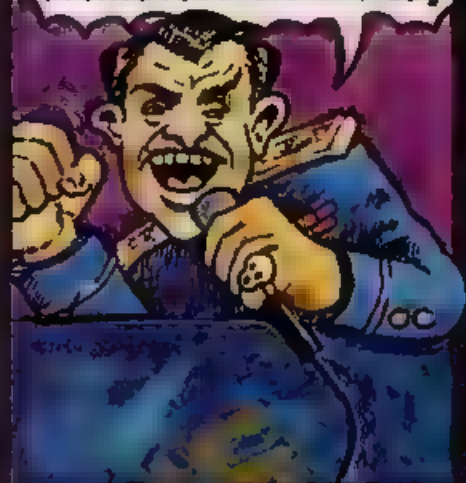
USERS WILL DO UNTHINKABLE
THINGS TO GET COCAINE, LIKE
BECOME THIEVES, HUSTLERS
AND COCAINE WHORES.



MANY WOMEN HAVE THEIR FIRST
ORGASM WITH COCAINE. THIS
CAN LEAD TO UNCONTROLLABLE
USE.



IN PERU WE HAVE 3 MILLION
COCA CHEWERS, 120,000 BASE
SMOKERS, AND 67,000 COCAINE
TOOTERS, AND WE'RE TAKING
NAMES AND KICKING ASS!



WE NEED BRAINSURGERY
TO REDUCE THE COCAINE HUNGER.
I'VE HAD IT. THERE'S NO GRAIN
BAMAGE...UM...DRUG GRAMME
...UM



THE SURGERY HAS BEEN USED
IN PERU, INDIA, JAPAN AND CLEVELAND.
NEXT WEEK I HOPE TO PERFORM
AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL.



PARENTS, CITIZENS, FETUSES.
DOPE COMIX AND ADS FOR
VISINE AND DESIGNER JEANS
STARTED IT ALL. **DON'T READ!**

JACKSON BROWNE, ERIC CLAPTON
RICHARD PRYOR ENCOURAGED IT.
DON'T LISTEN!

KIDS NOW THINK THAT CIVIL RIGHTS
MEAN THE RIGHT TO PARTY WITH
COCAINE. **GROSS. DON'T SPEAK
ABOUT RIGHTS. GOD SAVE
AMERICA!**



LET'S TAKE A
CAFFEINE, NICOTINE
& SUGAR BREAK.
DR. McDOPE WILL
SPEAK AFTER THE
BREAK.

WHAT ARE YOU
GONNA SAY,
McDOPE?

I DON'T LIKE
BASE.

YOUR
RESPONSES
ARE GOOD
-SO FAR!

I THINK
THEY'RE
DEALING

IT MUST
BE IN
THE DOPE'S
CASE

HI McD.
I CAME BY
TO HEAR YOUR
TALK. I'M GLAD
YOU BROUGHT
YOUR CASE.

HI
TIM.



IS IT
REALLY HIM?

HOW MUCH
MONEY DO YOU
MAKE ENDORSING
DRUGS?

ARE YOU A
COMMUNIST?

HA HA!
DON'T BE SO
SERIOUS. HAVE
FUN. HA. LIGHTEN
UP. HA HA.

YOU
ARE NOT
SCIENTIFIC.
SCIENCE IS
ON OUR
SIDE.

THIS IS
TIMOTHY
LEARY!



YOUR
RESPONSES
WILL BE
APPROPRIATE
OR...

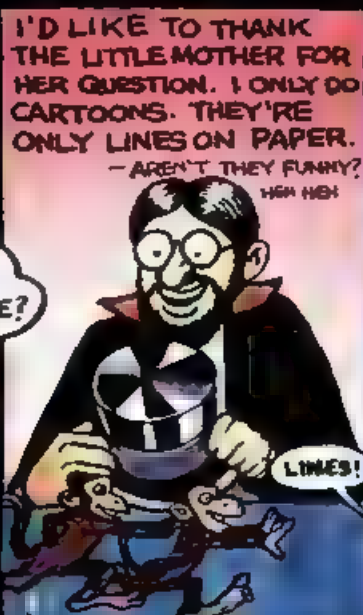
ELSE
WE'LL BUST
YOUR CASE.

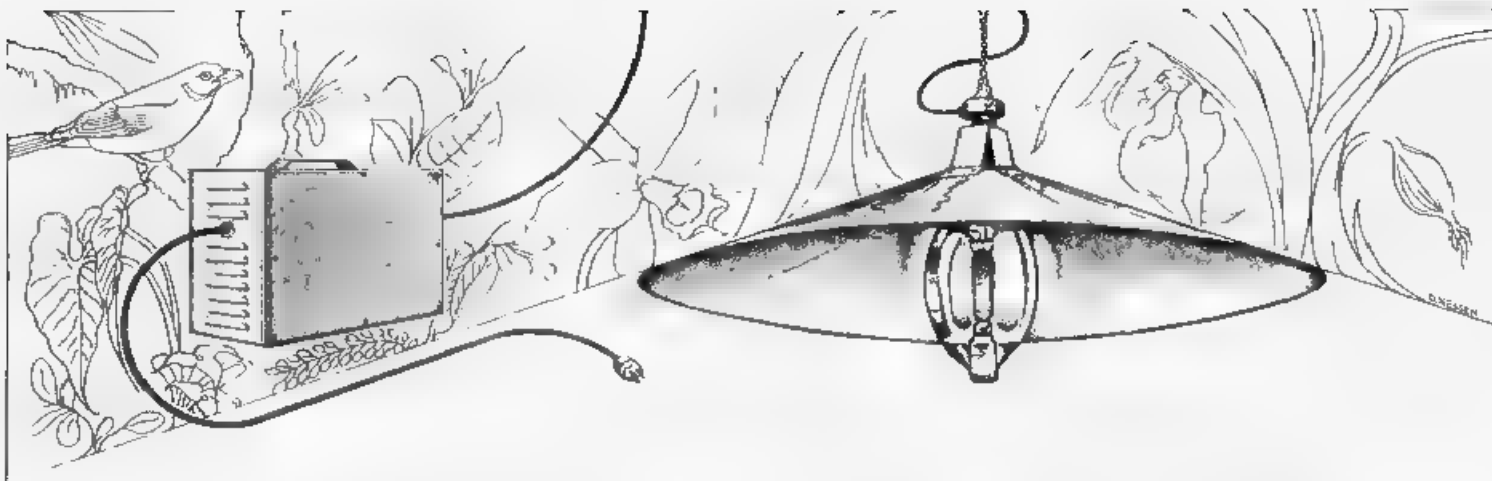
LADIES &
GENTLEMEN.
NOW, DEALER
McDOPE'S TWIN
BROTHER...
DR. McDOPE!

TELL IT
LIKE IT IS,
McD.



WOOF!





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It's going to be the biggest going-out-of-business sale since Adam peddled his rib and traded his bachelorhood for a bite of an apple and a toss in the hay. One entire planet is going to be auctioned off in a mere 16 years. The human race—or whatever is left of it—is going to pack it in. It's going to be an ugly scene, and if you don't have a lead-lined cave in your backyard, it'll be your last barbeque—with you as the barbequee. Fried eyeballs and roasted buttocks top the menu. It's going to make Hiroshima seem like a Boy Scout wiener roast.

Who says?

All of the great prophets of history, that's who.

Michel de Nostredame, better known as Nostradamus, head honcho of history's Peeping Toms—the seers and doomsayers—even pinpointed the date. He said there's going to be very bad news in early July 1999, when a “king of terror” will come out of the skies. Since his death back in 1566, many of his prophecies have come true. So we should probably take this one seriously. And July 1999 is as close to us as the epic years of the 1960s, which changed all our lives.

Predicting the end of the world has, however, been a cottage industry on this planet for at least 2,000 years. Major religions have been founded on the premise that the end is just around the corner. Countless generations of believers have trudged up the sides of mountains to sit on the summits

and wait for the sky to fall. Back in the last century, a Baptist preacher named William Miller received a news flash from God and soberly announced that the Second Coming of Christ would take place on October 22, 1844. His followers, known as Millerites, unloaded their worldly goods and grimly waited for the great event. When nothing happened, they simply regrouped and continued their vigil, forming the Seventh-Day Adventist church. They are still waiting, as are the Jehovah's Witnesses. Founded in 1872, the Witnesses pass the time peddling their magazine, *The Watch Tower*, from door to door.

Somehow, the Christian theologists have managed to turn the promise of the end of the world into a glorious event, anxiously awaited by billions of people generation after generation. The basic concept is that all of the dead in all of the cemeteries will rise up on the appointed day—how's that for the ultimate nightmare? Meanwhile, the skies will open up and be filled with luminous objects, and Christ himself will descend from a luminous cloud. All the good guys, those who have led exemplary Christian lives, will be whisked off to heaven, where, as Mark Twain once pointed out, they will be given harps, even though they don't know how to play musical instruments, and wings, even though they don't know how to fly. Thus, heaven will be filled with the discordant sounds of billions of people aimlessly strumming on harps while they flutter about and crash into each other.



Gather thy shit together. The doomsday prophets are at it again.

by John Keel

with their untried wings. Actually, according to the biblical prophecies, only 144,000 will go. Everyone else will end up shovelling coal in you know where.

The real end of the world might be even more dramatic. Scientists estimate that if the earth should collide with a meteor only one mile in diameter, the concussion would kill every living thing on the planet. We have several close calls in every decade. There's all kinds of space junk out there posing a constant threat to us, and we can't do a thing about it. Remember Kohoutek? When it was discovered in 1973, some astronomers estimated that it would hit the earth, and quite a few people went to sit on the mountaintops and wait for the end.

An all-out atomic war probably would not wipe out mankind. There would still be many survivors in South America, Africa, the Pacific islands, et cetera. Of course, they might cough a lot, and radiation would bring about many changes. The prophets have often described what sounded like atomic wars, although most prophecies are phrased in such a vague way that they never make sense until after the event has occurred. Very specific predictions usually don't happen at all. For example, England's famous 16th-century prophetess, Mother Shipton, wrote that the world "to an end will come/in eighteen hundred and eighty-one." That's about as specific as you can get, so her fans all prepared to meet their maker in 1881. Like the Millerites of three dec-

ades earlier, they were disappointed.

"The future controls the present," Sir Fred Hoyle, the famous astronomer, once observed. In some strange and fascinating way, prophets seem to be reporting their memories of the future. Tomorrow already exists in some fashion, and by freeing their conscious minds through hypnosis or other techniques, they can cross that fourth-dimensional bridge. Nostradamus produced his predictions while in a trance state. Others have used Ouija boards, crystal balls or simply relied upon dreams. Still others have claimed telepathic contact with some all-knowing force that exists beyond our space-time continuum. But the most interesting prophets of all are those ordinary people who suddenly have extraordinary contacts with entities who seem to know everything about our future. These entities have masqueraded in many guises throughout history. They look just like us, dress in contemporary clothing and usually travel in threes. The Bible calls them angels. In earlier times they were often regarded as gods. The Phoenicians, for example, had a goddess of fertility named Astarte. The Christian holiday Easter is named after her, and the fertility symbols of eggs and rabbits are holdovers from the pagan holiday that celebrated the spring equinox. An entity identifying herself (and in modern times, himself) as Ashtar has been visiting humans for *thousands* of years, showering us with predictions, many of which come true. *(continued)*

and even dictating books. Books which usually purport to be histories of the human race.

An Arab businessman is said to have had encounters with a prophesying angel around A.D. 600. His name was Muhammad, and the angel dictated a book called the Koran, which became the Bible of the religion Muhammad founded. The religion of Islam.

By the 19th century, these mysterious entities were posing as East Indians, and ghosts from Lost Atlantis (interest in Atlantis ran high around the turn of the century). Then in the 1940s they assumed a new role. They became visitors from outer space.

Dr. Charles A. Laughhead, an M.D. on the staff of Michigan State University in Lansing, Michigan, started communicating with these assorted "outer space" entities in 1954, largely through trance mediums who served as instruments for Ashtar and his cronies from that great intergalactic council in the sky. A number of minor prophecies were passed along, and they all came true on the nose. Then Ashtar tossed in his bombshell. The world was going to end on December 21, 1954, he announced convincingly. He spelled out the exact nature of the cataclysm: North America was going to split in two, and the Atlantic coast would sink into the sea. France, England and Russia were also slated for a watery grave. However, all was not lost. A few chosen people would be rescued by spaceships. Naturally, Dr. Laughhead and his friends were among that select group. Having been impressed by the validity of the earlier predictions, Dr. Laughhead took this one most seriously, made sober declarations to the news media and on December 21, 1954, he and a group of his fellow believers clustered in a garden to await rescue. They had been instructed to wear no metal, and they therefore discarded belt buckles, pens, clasps, cigarette lighters and shoes with metal eyelets. Then they waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Two years earlier, in 1952, two men were driving through the mountains near Paraná, Brazil, in the state of São Paulo, when they encountered five saucer-shaped objects hovering in the air. Later, one of these men, Aladino Felix, revisited the spot, and this time, he said later, a UFO landed and he was invited aboard. He had a pleasant chat with the saucer captain, a being who looked very human and very ordinary, and he went away convinced that the Venusians were paying us a

friendly visit.

Then, in March 1953, there was a knock at the door of Felix's home, and his wife answered. She reported that there was "a priest" asking for him. Since Felix was an atheist at the time, he was a bit surprised. He was even more surprised when he walked out to meet the man. It was his old friend, the flying-saucer pilot, now turned out in a cashmere suit, a white shirt with a stiff collar and a neat blue tie.

This was the first of a long series of visits during which the two men discussed flying saucers and their mechanics, and the state of the universe at large. Mr. Felix kept careful notes of these conversations and later put them into an interesting little book titled *My Contact with Flying Saucers*, under the pseudonym of Dino Kraspedon. It enjoyed modest sales among the growing cults of flying-saucer believers.

Dino Kraspedon's real identity remained a mystery until 1965, when he surfaced on Brazilian television as a self-styled prophet named Aladino Felix. He warned of a disaster about to take place in Rio de Janeiro. Sure enough, floods and landslides struck a month later, killing 600. In 1966, he warned that a Russian cosmonaut would soon die. (Vladimir M. Komarov became the first man to die in space on April 24, 1967.) In 1967 he appeared on television to grimly discuss the forthcoming assassinations in the United States, naming Martin Luther King and Sen. Robert Kennedy.

The startling accuracy of his major and minor predictions impressed many people, of course. When he started predicting an outbreak of violence, bombings and murders in Brazil in 1968, no one was too surprised when a wave of strange terrorist attacks actually began.

Police stations and public buildings in São Paulo were dynamited. There was a wave of bank robberies, and an armored payroll train was heisted. The Brazilian police worked overtime and soon rounded up 18 members of the gang. A 25-year-old policeman named Jesse Moraes proved to be the gang's bomb expert. They had blown up Second Army Headquarters, a major newspaper and even the American Consulate. When the gang members started to sing, it was learned that they planned to assassinate top government officials and eventually take over the entire country of Brazil. Jesse Moraes had been promised the job of police chief in the new government.

The leader of this ring was... Aladino Felix!

When he was arrested on August 22, 1968, the flying-saucer prophet declared, "I was sent here as an ambassador to the Earth from Venus. My friends from space will come here and free me and avenge my arrest. You can look for tragic consequences to humanity when the flying saucers invade this planet."

It was a story almost as old as the human race. Following contact with these mysterious entities, who are known to occultists as ultraterrestrials, ordinary people are often swept up into disastrous events. Their whole lives are frequently destroyed or, at least, their families are scattered, their careers are ruined and they suffer all the hardships of the biblical prophet Job.

In the fall of 1967, when Dino Kraspedon was publicly issuing his uncanny predictions in Brazil, another group was battenning down the hatches in Denmark, preparing for the end of the world. A man named Knud Weiking began receiving telepathic flashes in May 1967, including a number of impressive prophecies that came true. (Just prior to the capture of the U.S. "spy" ship *Pueblo* off Korea in January 1968, Weiking warned, "Watch Korea.") He was then instructed to build a lead-lined bomb shelter and prepare for an atomic holocaust on December 24, 1967. This seemed like an impossible task, since 25 tons of lead were needed and the total costs exceeded \$30,000. But donations poured in, and voluntary labor materialized. The shelter was built in about three weeks. On December 22, Weiking and his friends were "told" to leave the shelter and lock it up. A telephone blackout next occurred, lasting throughout the Christmas holidays and cutting off all of the participants from one another.

Meanwhile, mediums, telepaths, sensitives and UFO contactees throughout the world were all reporting identical messages. There was definitely going to be an unprecedented event on December 24, 1967. Ashtar was talking through Ouija boards to people who had never before heard the name. Another busy entity named Orion was spreading the word. The curious thing about these messages was that they were all phrased in the same manner, no matter what language was being used. It was as if they were all the work of some mischievous phonograph in the sky. They all carried the same warning. People were reporting strange dreams that December, dreams involving symbols of Christmas (such as Christmas cards scattered through a room). There were also reports of dead telephones

and glowing entities prowling through bedrooms and homes. Many of these messages, dreams and prophecies were collected by a British organization calling itself Universal Links. The stage was set for doomsday Thousands, perhaps even millions, of people had been warned. At midnight on December 24, the messages said, a great light would appear in the sky, and then

Mr. Weiking, nonplussed but not discouraged, later gave the press a message he had received, which, he thought, explained it all: "I told you two thousand years ago that a time would be given and even so I would not come. If you had read your Bible a little more carefully, you would have borne in mind the story of the bridegroom who did not come at the time he was expected. Be watchful so that you are not found without oil in your lamps. I have told you I will come with suddenness, and I shall be coming soon!"

It was all a dry run!

One of the millions of dry runs staged since the first hairy biped crawled out of his cave and stared at the sky. You would assume that Man has learned a lesson from all these ultraterrestrial pranks, that we wouldn't play this foolish doomsday game anymore. But there are always new victims ready and willing to face the unknown terror of the end of the world. In September 1982, a young couple in Scottsdale, Arizona, Michael and Aurora El-Legion, hit the contactee road to spread the latest message of impending doom. Straining whatever finances they had, they traveled from town to town, appearing on local radio and television programs and lecturing to anyone who would listen. In New York City they hired a huge hall, and about 30 people showed up. Their message was hardly different from that of the Denton family who toured the United States in the 1860s. Like William Denton, Michael had been receiving warnings while in trances. The end of the world was at hand. In fact, the El-Legions predicted that it would occur around 2 A.M. on October 18, 1982. At that time, they promised, millions of flying saucers would appear in the skies all over the world and rescue all those who deserved to be rescued. If you are still here, you are obviously one of the rejects.

There are literally millions of people all over the world who have the gift of prophecy and are haunted by dreams that later come true, or by sudden visions of future events. Usually such people avoid publicity and share their unnerving talent with only their



family and immediate friends. But they are responsible for many of the rumors that spread in troubled areas such as California. Millions of Californians deserted their state no less than four different times in the 1970s because of rumors that it was about to sink into the Pacific. One woman did go public, moving her family to Oregon after announcing that California was doomed on a specific day in 1970. On that date she dropped dead.

Traditionally, prophets who try to exploit their talent quickly lose it. When they place themselves under pressure to come up with new predictions on a regular schedule for a newspaper column or TV show, they usually begin to produce gibberish. They are often forced to steal from other prophets. There's an old saying that prophets are without honor in their hometowns. There's a new saying that there's no honor among prophets. Mrs. Jean Dixon, best known for her prediction of the death of President Kennedy, borrowed heavily from Nostradamus in her biography, *My Life and Prophecies*, much to the delight of the skeptics. She gave herself away by paraphrasing from Henry C. Roberts's translation of the French seer, a version sneered at as being inaccurate by most experts.

Translating the poetry of Nostradamus is no easy task, however. The learned doctor deliberately used vague imagery to disguise his meaning. He wrote about a vegetarian named "Hister, the hysterical" who would wage war and wreak havoc in the 20th century. Apparently, he was referring to Adolf Hitler. And translators were baffled for generations by this verse:

*There will go from Mont Gaulfier and
Aventine*

*One who from the hole will warn the
army,
The booty will be taken between two
rocks,
The renown of Sextus Cornerstone
will fail*

It didn't make any sense until 1783, when the Montgolfier brothers demonstrated the first hot air balloon. The operator was stationed in a basket below the hole in the balloon, and within a few years hot-air balloons were being used by armies in the Napoleonic wars. The second part of the verse seems to refer to Pope Pius VI (the Sextus Cornerstone) who was kidnapped and held prisoner by Napoleon. Many of his predictions dealt with Napoleon. He foresaw World War II as well, and even got some of the names and dates right! For example, here's how he predicted that the Germans would never succeed in capturing Gibraltar in spite of Spain's General Franco:

*The assembly will go out from the
castle of Franco,
The Ambassador not satisfied will
make a schism
Those of the Rivera will be involved,
And they will deny the entry to the
great gulf*

In 1980, a new translation of Nostradamus became a runaway best-seller in France, convincing millions that World War III was just around the corner, that Paris would be atom-bombed and that many other horrors would be unleashed.

*Live fire will be left, hidden death,
Within the globes, horrible, frightful
By night a fleet will reduce the city to
rubble
The city on fire, the enemy indulgent*

The heart of an atom bomb is a globe filled with plutonium. The outer sphere is composed of high explosives which, when detonated, explode inwardly (implosion) and compress the plutonium, creating a critical mass and atomic fission.

Arab armies will sweep into France from Italy, according to Nostradamus, while Armageddon gets underway in the Middle East. Prophecies of Armageddon, the last great battle, have been around for thousands of years, of course. The New Testament spells it all out, asserting that the ultimate war will take place after the Jewish people have been restored to their original homeland. The founding of Israel in 1948 took care

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of this little detail. The very name Armageddon is derived from the name of a plain in Palestine. It is possible that the real meaning is that the Arab leader who drags us all into World War III may be born in Palestine. Nostradamus sees it this way:

He shall also invade the fair land of Palestine, and myriads shall be killed ... As he exerts his force against the various lands, the land of Egypt shall not escape, but he shall lay hands on the treasures of gold and silver and all the valuables in Egypt, the Libyans and the Ethiopians following his train.

The Bible and other prophetic literature suggest that Russia and China will be sucked into the Middle Eastern fracas. Even the Hopi Indians, who never even heard of China, have an ancient prophecy about a yellow-skinned hero in a red cloak who will one day come thundering out of the East. Our mysterious ultraterrestrials have been passing along messages about Armageddon for hundreds of years. Everyone everywhere has heard of it, and most people accept it as unavoidable. Students of prophecy now see the stage being set in the Middle East. The conflict over Palestine, the emergence of the Jewish state, the world's insane dependence on Arab oil, all form part of the larger pattern. The sagging worldwide economy and the steady collapse of the international monetary system were all predicted long ago. Rising anarchy, hunger and hardship, unemployment and depression, will make whole nations susceptible to the appearance of Hitler-type leaders.

Meanwhile, a curious phenomenon has been taking place all over the world. People everywhere are suffering from a sickness of the soul. There is a universal feeling that these are the End Times, that the end of everything is close at hand. It has even spread behind the Iron Curtain. Soviet authorities recently blamed the sudden rise of religious fervor, and a growing sense of hopelessness, in Tashkent on the influence of the sinister CIA. How they arrived at such a conclusion is anybody's guess.

The widespread dry run of December 1967 was trivial compared to the growth of the worldwide sense of impending doom in the 1970s. It has permeated whole countries, and even small children everywhere sense it and discuss it. Ironically, the same negative spirit gripped the world in the 1880s, and millions of people became con-

vinced that the world was going to come to an end in the year 1900. Another dry run, perhaps?

Nostradamus's incredible track record (he even predicted the date of his own death—July 2, 1566) has focused attention on his uncanny prophecies for this century, particularly his biggie:

*In the seventh month of 1999
A great king of Terror comes from the sky
To receive the king of Angolmois
Before and after, Mars reigns by good fortune.*

Who will be the "king of Angolmois"? Some interpret this to be a Mongol from China. The poem that struck terror in the hearts of Frenchmen in the early 1980s made reference to an Oriental invasion.

*The Oriental will leave his seat,
He will pass the Appenine mountains, to see France;
He will pierce through the sky, the waters and snow,
And he will strike everyone with his rod*

After all these battles and bloodbaths, nature will strike a terrible blow. There will be earthquakes and floods and generally rotten weather conditions, according to Nostradamus:

There will be in the month of October a great translation made, such that one would think that the librating body of the earth had lost its natural movement in the abyss of perpetual darkness. There will be seen precursive signs in the springtime, and after extreme changes ensuing, reversal of kingdoms and great earthquakes. ... Then by great deluges the memory of things will suffer incalculable loss

It does sound as if the whole planet is headed for some cosmic flea market. Everything is shutting down in the 1980s, and the whole human race is following a timetable that was laid out thousands of years ago. Since 1945 we have been constructing thousands of those globes envisioned by Nostradamus. Globes filled with plutonium and capable of turning the earth into a cinder. The "Me Generation" of the 1970s has bred the "Blank Generation" of the 1980s.

The question is no longer: Is the end of the world at hand?

The question is: When the end comes, will anybody care? □

ITS A DOG'S LIFE

BY THE YEAR 1995, SPACE INDUSTRIALIZATION WAS BEGAINING TO BOOM, BUT THE PROFOUND 3RD WORLD BLOCK BY THE U.N. WAS STOPPING THE FULL DEPLOYMENT OF THE NEW ALIENPORT DUTY SYSTEM. ALL PRODUCTS MADE IN THE 3RD WORLD WOULD REDUCE THE INDUSTRIAL INCOME OF ANY GIVEN MEMBER OF A BLOCK. THE UNITED STATES, STILL UNDER OPEC DOMINATION, HAD REFUSED TO SIGN BE A 20% DUTY PERCENTAGE TO BE ENTERED THROUGH UNITED STATES SPACEPORTS. THIS WAS BECOMING A SERIOUS PROBLEM BY 2004, WHEN THAT TIME THE STATE OF NEVADA DECLARED ITSELF A SOVEREIGN NATION. THIS WAS INTERNAL U.S. POLITICS, THE U.S. HAD NO JURISDICTION OVER IT, AND THE NEW NATION OF NEVADA, BACKED BY IMMENSE CAPITAL INVESTMENT FROM THE LARGEST ORBITAL FIRMS, CONSTRUCTED AN ENORMOUS SPACEPORT, COVERING 20,000 SQUARE MILES. THIS WAS VEGAS WITH A BURN-FREE PORTS. NEVADA WAS NOT SIGNATORY TO THE IMPORT DUTY TREATY NOR, FOR THAT MATTER, WAS NEVADA EVEN IN THE U.N. THE U.S. REFUSED TO ACCEPT ORBITAL EXPORT DUTY, SINCE NEVADA WAS NOT U.S. TERRITORY.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE 3RD WORLD NATIONS, LIKE THE 3RD WORLD NATIONS, THROUGH EVERY OTHER MEANS, JOINED BY MILITARY DICTATORSHIPS, TOOK ON MAKING WAR ON ONE ANOTHER. THE U.S. DEVALUED THE OPEC PROTECTION THROUGH SOLAR TECHNOLOGY AND ALCOHOL FUELS, REFUSING TO LEAD TO APOCALYPTIC FAMILIES, AND BY 2015 THE ONLY 2 OF THE 3RD WORLD NATIONS, SUCCESSFUL YOUNG STATES, WERE CUBA AND ZIMBABWE, AND WHIPPING POVERTY BLIGHTED PLACES LIKE UGANDA, ANGOLA, THOMPSONVILLE, CAMBODIA, BANGLADESH, INDIA, BRITAIN, IRELAND, QUEBEC, ITALY, SPAIN AND SO ON. AND DOWN BY THE DOCK WAS ALL THROUGHOUT, ORGANIZED CRIME CAME INTO CONTROL. BUT IN NEVADA, ORGANIZED CRIME WAS THE COPS, WROTE THE LAWS, AND ESTABLISHED THE TERRITORY AS THEIRS. IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE FOR VISITORS TO GET TRAPPED IN THIS GLUTENY JUNGLE, AND THEN FOR THE TRAPPED TO GET OUT FOR THEM, IT WAS TRULY A DOG'S LIFE.

* MONEY - VEGAS *

THE BASIC MONETARY UNIT OF NEVADA IS THE GOLD N. EQUAL TO 20 '92 U.S. \$. THE FOLLOWING ARE THE FOLLOWING ARE:

SHINING FACE COUS	1000
PLATINUM	1500
SILVER	100
GOLD	120
SILVER	110
SILVER	105
PENNY	1

* "KEEPER" TECHNOLOGY *

A DEVELOPMENT OF ORBITAL INDUSTRY THE "KEEPER" CAN BE USED TO ATTAIN A FULLY DISMEMBERED LIMB OR A STUMP AND WILL BE AS MOSMOTIC BARRIER & BIOCHEMICAL FILTER TO PREVENT TRANSPLANTED PARTS FROM TISSUE REJECTION, AND TO ACCLIMATE A RECIPIENT TO A DONOR PART. KEEPERS CONTAIN TINY ATOMIC BATTERIES AND HAVE METABOLIC SUPPORT SYSTEMS FOR 24 HOURS UNASSISTED LIFE. SUPPORT A RANGE OF STUDY INSERTS WITH INTRODUCTION OF TRACE HORMONES OR MEDICATIONS, AND ALLOW FOR THERAPEUTIC ACTIONS. A KEEPER TO KEEPER NEUROFUNCTION AND DIRECT COMPUTER INTERFACING WITH FULL INPUT-OUTPUT.

* CHIMERAE *

THE FAMILIAR DOGGIES OF VEGAS REPRESENT A FORM OF PENAL SYSTEM THE FULL IMPLICATIONS OF WHICH WERE NOT THOUGHT OUT AT THE TIME OF ITS INCEPTION. THE DOGGIES ALL HAVE A PRETTY FREE HAND IN, UNTIL THEY ARE HEARD, LARGELY BECAUSE NOBODY IS INTERESTED ENOUGH IN THEIR WELFARE TO FEEL THE ACTIVITIES ARE WORTH WATCHING OR SUPPRESSING.

* TELEPATHIC HEADS *

THE HELMET'S SEIZURE CONTROL OF A VICTIM'S MOTOR NERVOUS SYSTEM, THIS CAN ONLY BE ACCOMPLISHED BY A TELEPATHIC HEAD. HAVING NO BODY TO SEND CONFLICTING FEEDBACK, A HEAD CAN SEIZE A VICTIM AND WALTZ AWAY. A PUPPET HEADS ARE NOT AS VERY DANGEROUS. A HEAD IN A SHELLED STATE BY A KEEPER STOP THAT LEAKS THE PSY-GENIC DRUG TELEPATHINE INTO THEIR BLOOD.

RUSSIAN PSYCHOTRONIC HELMETS *

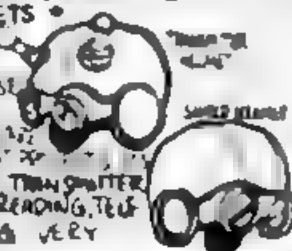
PSYCHOTRONIC HELMETS WERE DEVELOPED IN THE 1970S BY SOVIET

PSYCHIC RESEARCHERS AND WERE USED IN A WAR IN MOSCOW BY THE UKRAINE

PSYCHIC WAR IN 2013 2015 BY THE

TWO MODELS, A SHIELD AND A TRANSMITTER

LEADING TO A LIMITED MINDREADING, TELEPATHY AND HALLUCINATION CASTING VERY



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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO ALL PIONEER PEARLS, PAST & PRESENT, BUT SPECIALLY TO PHIL, RICHARD, DAVID, R.C., J.B. & CORY, MOLAN, WENDY, DONALD PAUL & NANCY ROSE & THE BABYS.

LAS VEGAS...MAYBE NOT THE SAME LAS VEGAS AS OLD VEGAS, BUT STILL THE SAME FUN TOWN.
JUST WATCH YOURSELF, PLAY BY THE RULES, DON'T GET IN TOO DEEP, DON'T GET INVOLVED, OR ELSE YOU
MAY JUST WIND UP

IN THE DOGHOUSE





SHIT! THORNS... MY GOD!
WHAT A PESS...!



OH, GOD! SHIT! WELL...

HEY, BUDDY, YOU
NEED SOME HELP?



WHAT! WHO...
WHO SAID...

I DID! M'
NAME'S CUTO!
WHATCHA DOIN'
DOWN IN TH'
GARDENS?



I... I... WHAT'S IT TO YA...
WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU, ANYWAY?

WHAT AM I? I'M A MAN!
HEAD ON A DOG'S BODY!
I'M LAS VEGAS' SOLUTION
TO THE GROWING SHORTAGE
OF TRANSPLANT PARTS!
YOU MEAN YOU NEVER
NOTICED US DOGGIES?



NO, THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN
IN THE GARDENS...

WELL, WE'RE ALL OVER
THE FUCKIN' TOWN, PAL!
NOT A PENNY HITS TH' STREET
IN THIS TOWN, BUT A DOGGIE
FINDS IT AN' BLOWS IT ON A
MACHINE OR SOMETHIN!
TOWN'S SEWN UP TIGHT!



WHERE ARE YOU
LEADIN' ME, ANYHOW?

SOMERACE SAFE, DO I
CORRECTLY DEDUCE THAT
YOU ARE ON THE RUN FROM
THE GOON SQUAD, YOUR CREDIT
HAS BEEN REVOKED, AND YOU'VE
GONE TO GROUND IN THE GARDENS
TO GET OFF THE STREET FOR
A WHILE?

YEAH, AS A...
MATTER O' FACT...

THEN FIGURE THAT I, AS
A DENIZEN OF THESE HERE
CACTUS JUNGLES, CAN LEAD
YOU TO A SAFE PLACE. I'M NO
FRIEND OF THE GUYS WHO
DID THIS TO ME, AND WHO
WANT TO DO IT TO YOU! SO
YOU MIGHT AS WELL
TRUST ME, PAL!



OKAY, NOW BE COOL,
CAUSE WE'RE ENTERING
DOGSTOWN TO GO SEE
THE KING OF DOGGIES

JEEZ...

PAL, WOT YOU ARE WITNESSING IS
A SIGHT RARE TO THE EYES OF NON-
DOGGIFIED HUMANITY! THIS IS A TOWN
OF LOSERS, OF VICTIMS OF FATE, WHERE
THE DWELLERS HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF
THEIR MOST INTIMATE POSSESSIONS!
THIS, PAL, IS HEARTBREAK HOTEL!

AND THAT, PAL,
IS THE PALACE OF
DONALD, KING OF
CANINES, DOGE OF DOGS!

OH, PRINCE OF POOCHES,
WHOSE BARK IS AS
MIGHTY AS HIS BITE,
I BRING THEE A LOST
AND LORN TRAVELER, A
FUGITIVE FROM THE
DREAD DOGCATCHER!

WHAT IZZIS BULLSH.. OH.
I SALUTE THEE CUTO OF
DOGSTOWN. WHO BE THIS
MAN, THIS PLEE-ER
FROM THE WRATH OF VEGAS?
SPEAK, O 2-LEGGED ONE!

AH... OH... SIRE, I AM
RALPHIE LONGO, FROM
PHILADELPHIA, AND IT
IS TRUE THAT I AM A
HUNTED MAN, THESE
GARDENS GO ALL OVER
VEGAS, DO THEY NOT?

THAT THEY DO



SO YOU MUST KNOW HOW TO
GET TO THE TUBEWAY THROUGH
THE GARDENS! I THROW MYSELF
ON YOUR GRACIOUS MERCY,
AND BEG YOU FOR THIS AID!

SHEEYIT.
WHAT WILL
YOU GIVE
IN RETURN?

WHAT CAN I GIVE?
EVERYTHING I OWN IS
IN PHILLY! ALL I CAN
DO IS GIVE YA AN I.O.U.
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SNITCHES

/ continued from page 59

by the apprehension that his cover had been blown. Too many people were asking him, point blank, why he would buy a lid of weed from one person for \$45, and then on the same day pay another person \$70 for a lid off the very same bush. People were also wondering how come he was hanging out so much in the cop shop at Grants Pass, with his chums Dave Claar and Assistant District Attorney Bob Thompson. But, since the guy was only buying lids and the stray pinch of coke and speed when they were around, and was such a famous space case, it would have been paranoid to take him for a narc. (In fact, at least one of the future bustees was purposely cultivating Johnson, at this point, with the intention of identifying his presumed syndicate connection in California, and shopping it to the DEA for a tidy snitch fee all his own.) Richard Lee had a peculiar choice of acquaintance, though, even for a gun-freak cop groupie, and people were getting decidedly curious about it by the end of June.

So the week of Independence Day, 1982, Richard Lee went to District Attorney Thompson with the story that his ass was *definitely* grass if he stayed out in the cold a minute longer. Thompson assembled the county grand jury, and by Thursday that week he'd flim-flammed 96 narcotics indictments out of them on 59 local souls. And bright and early Friday morning, a mob of state, local and county cops went forth from the Grants Pass cop shop to clean up the Illinois Valley.

They busted shopkeepers from behind their store counters. They plucked people out of their cars at intersections and led them away in cuffs from softball games in Riverside Park. "It went down very well," sheriff's corporal Dan Calvert told the *Courier*. "We had only one altercation that I know of." Someone had kicked at an obtrusive cop camera, or threatened to at least, while being dragged off.

Altogether, 59 parcels of marijuana had been delivered to Richard Lee over the last six months, one hit of cocaine, two hits of LSD and two hits of speed. All the deliverers of these controlled

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substances were locked up for the extended Independence Day weekend, along with one young man who'd sold Richard some inert white powder as "speed," and another who, revolted with Richard's incessant nagging and threatening, had actually dumped a bag of garden weeds on him. Thanks to the wonderful and novel "DEA Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act," passed by the Eugene legislature last spring, these two guys spent the bulk of five days in jail—Friday to Tuesday—along with everybody else.

Some were put up the first night in the jail at Cave Junction, which had been abandoned for two years, ever since the township proved too insolvent to pay for a police department of its own. The county itself, starved for funds, had to requisition buses from a senior-citizens holiday program to transport this extraordinary number of drugs-defendants around. The old folks stayed home for the Fourth of July.

On Tuesday, at the mass arraignment in the circuit courthouse in Grants Pass, people began asking Sheriff Jim Fanning how much of the county's money he'd spent on dope—\$15,000 it was—and how he proposed to get any of it back. Fanning's reply that the police might apply for it from the crime-victim's restitution fund was not reassuring.

But at least Detective Alan Pendergrass got the police side of the story on the record in court, before magistrate Larry Cushing. The accused were all middlemen in middle-weight narcotics transactions, all were suspected of having trafficked in Schedule I narcotics before, and some had even been photographed by the police, Abscam-style, in the act of exchanging their marijuana for money with the Sheriff's Department. And there were Claar's wonderful tapes, of course, with Johnson's inflammatory talk of small children on them.

It all played well enough before circuit judge Cushing (whose own son had been busted for cultivation some years back). Portland attorney Al Vernes, called down to represent six of the bustees, found that one was a 17-year-old kid held for delivery of a quarter-ounce of sinsemilla. (Oregon's one-ounce decrim law only holds for possession, not delivery.) Cushing laid

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\$100,000 bail on the kid.

Another marijuana defendant was Bill McConnell, 43, a self-described "bounty hunter" running against Sheriff Fanning on an independent ticket. McConnell's bail was so high he sat in jail for days to come. Yet another defendant was a 19-year-old kid who had recently married the sheriff's daughter, against her family's wishes. Richard Lee Johnson had been really supernaturally lucky to come across a kiddie-dope syndicate that happened to include so many people his employer was personally displeased with.

Besides their alleged intentions to poison children with drugs and start up Fagin-like fencing rings, though, about all these 59 people had in common was chronic money troubles. "Half the well-to-do kids in town deal drugs," remarked a woman bustee, observing that none of them was busted, because Richard Lee Johnson didn't move in well to do circles. This woman, a widow, had moved to Oregon with her two teenage sons to get away from "the heavy dope scene" in Southern California. Both her boys spent their extended Independence Day weekend, as she did, in the Grants Pass chokey.

Everybody was out on bond within a couple weeks, though. And that was when Richard Lee Johnson started fucking back at the police.

"A whole lot of people," he kept telling HIGH TIMES over the phone, "all up and down the coast, Oregon and Washington and California, they could all get out of jail on what I've got."

In his function as a confidential informant for the Josephine County Sheriff's Department, Richard Lee Johnson had been privy to a lot of confidential police work, or so he claimed. Specifically, he'd seen how the police in general falsify information in the course of applying for search warrants in drugs cases. "It's so simple," he kept saying. "I don't know why nobody's caught them at it yet." He would be glad to sell the secret to HIGH TIMES for \$4,000 or so, even if it meant ruining a lot of law-enforcement careers, but he needed the money quick. Real quick.

Because Josephine County was not going to put Richard Lee and his family in the Federal Marshals Witness-Protection Program after all, they were tell-

ing him. The federal marshal's program is an exceedingly sensitive and expensive setup by which citizens who testify in court against top-echelon federal criminals are provided (supposedly) with lifelong security against gangland retribution. Since Richard Lee had merely been scoring lids of homegrown from his friends and neighbors along the Illinois Valley, the feds did not feel obliged to guarantee his lifelong well-being, and that of his family, at that point in time. Josephine County would have to pick up the tab. \$90,000 down payment just to get the Johnsons in the program; and then negotiations for further county funds could proceed.

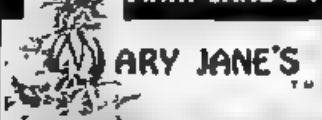
It's not known exactly what Mrs. Johnson and the kids felt about all this. The Friday in July the indictments came down was the first they learned anything at all. "The whole family, overnight, was asked to relocate," Richard told Bonnie Henderson. "They was told they was going to have to move, lock, stock and barrel." Mrs. Johnson was "not overly joyed," but what could she do about it?

Stashed away out of state somewhere, in inadequate and uncertain circumstances, Richard Lee commenced to brood, and then to connive. He decided to show how he could fuck back right away, at the first trial to come to court.

This transpired a couple weeks after the arraignment, and involved a 30-year-old Cave Junction man who had, on three occasions, laid some weed on Johnson. A beefy array of sheriff's deputies in the courtroom proclaimed the importance of the county's chief witness, and a razzle-dazzle metal detector emphasized his vulnerability. And while Detective Claar and District Attorney Thompson looked on in mounting horror, Richard Lee sent the case right into the toilet.

"I'll take the Fifth on that," the sheriff's witness snapped briskly under cross-examination, when defense attorney Richard Hess asked if he hadn't grown and trafficked in Schedule I narcotics himself, once upon a time. The jury went out for four hours of confusion, and came back unable to reach a verdict. A good big lump of county tax money had been spent on this issueless trial—the first of scores to come—and gone right down the toilet, just because District Attorney Thompson hadn't

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given Richard Lee so much as a written promise of immunity for past offenses yet. Richard Lee was fucking back, all right

Very shortly after this, Detective Dave Claar was taken off the Grants Pass county narc squad and became a patrolman again. It was explained to the *Daily Courier* that this was a routine matter of internal affairs, and that Patrolman Claar had asked to be put on the graveyard shift, which is where he is today.

A little later, the *Daily Courier* got a call from "a New York-based drug culture magazine" called HIGH TIMES, asking if some creature named Richard Lee Johnson had been talking to them, and could that possibly be his real name? Bonnie Henderson, who indeed had been talking to RLJ, reported in the *Courier* that HIGH TIMES was going to write up the whole sordid affair.

"The federal marshal's people," Henderson presently informed yours truly, "are over at the courthouse right now talking to Johnson and the sheriff."

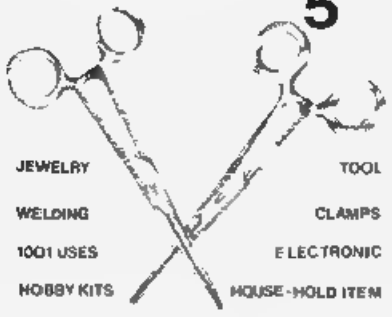
Perhaps because of the simple interest of HIGH TIMES in the case, Richard Lee and Mrs. Johnson now have a tidy little farm in some undisclosed location, and top-of-the-line credit references for life. As Johnson knew perfectly well, the last full-time dope snitch who got identified in HIGH TIMES was beaten to death in the street, coincidentally, while the story was still in manuscript (see Highwitness News, March 1981). If there was one sure way to get the Federal Marshal's Office in Washington interested in his personal welfare, Richard knew, it was to get HIGH TIMES publicly on his case.

"It's not typical of Oregon," Richard Lee Johnson and several of the defense attorneys have all told HIGH TIMES. The police in Oregon do not have a policy of lying, cheating and offering extraordinary financial inducements to ordinary people to commit "drug" crimes; they don't routinely lie in print about the defendants afterward, and snivel about the rumored paramilitary violence of marijuana growers, and invoke paranoid fantasies about children to justify their own incompetence and malice

They really don't do that, as a rule, says attorney Al Varnes. "I think this is

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his & hers
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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

TWENTY-NINTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

408 **CAFFEINE STUDY FINDS NEGATIVE BABY EFFECTS**
 Washington (News Bureau) — Babies of women who consume caffeine while pregnant tend to be born sooner and to be somewhat less developed than those whose mothers abstain from the stimulant, a new study suggests.

Sandra Jacobson, a psychologist at Wayne State University in Detroit, told the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association here that [of the] 173 infants born to white, middle-class women studied, more of them had been in the uterus only about 38 weeks instead of the normal 40 weeks, if their mothers had been heavy caffeine consumers. She also found that the babies of heavy caffeine consumers tended to have poorer scores in behavioral tests.

New York Daily News,
 Aug. 26, 1982

409 **TAKE, FRIEND, ORTHON OF SYRACUSE'S** advice: never sail on a stormy night when drunk. I did; and now lie here abroad, short-changed, -

deprived of richer burial at home

Theokritos, c. 308-240 B.C.,
 trans. by Anthony Holden

410 **[ALCOHOL AND HASHISH]** HAVE only one property in common "the excessive poetic development of a man [but] liquor... aids digestion, strengthens muscles, and enriches the blood. Even taken in large quantities, it only causes brief disorders... [whereas hashish] interrupts the digestive functions, weakens the limbs, and can cause an intoxication of 24 hours. Wine exalts the will; haschisch annihilates it... Wine makes one good and sociable; haschisch isolates one... Wine is useful, it produces fruitful results. Haschisch is useless and dangerous."

Charles Baudelaire,
"Du Vin et du Haschisch,"
Le Messager de l'Assemblée,
 1851

Note. By this time Baudelaire was a confirmed alcoholic. Varlet and Grinspoon suggest that Baudelaire may be actually writing about his experiences with opium, something he may have been loath to admit. Caveat lector!

411 **PSYCHEDELICIZE SUBURBAN** button, 1960s

412 **YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PLUG IN,** turn on and cop out
 You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and skip out for beer during commercials. Because the revolution will not be televised.
The Revolution Will Not Be Televised, The Last Poets, 1971

(Actually the revolution will be televised, but only on cable!)

413 **THE SUMERIAN IDIOGRAM FOR** opium was HUL GIL; HUL stood for "joy" or "rejoicing," and GIL is thought to stand for "the plant opium." The meaning is obvious: "the plant that produces delight."

414 **CANNABIS INDICA** (INDIAN CANNABIS)

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What are its therapeutic uses?

It is used as a hypnotic in mania and in mania-a-potu, as an anodyne in neuralgia, migraine, dysmenorrhea, rheumatism, and gout,

and to relieve pain in acute and chronic Bright's disease, as an antispasmodic in tetanus, chorea, hysteria, and spasm of the neck of the bladder; as an addition to cough medicines to allay irritation of the throat, and to promote a condition of euthanasia in the later stages of phthisis. It is highly recommended in dysentery, and is of undoubted service in checking uterine hemorrhages not due to abortion or following labor. In sexual impotence, when functional, it is sometimes of use. In gonorrhea it is said to lessen the discharge and prevent chordee. As a local application it enters into the composition of many corn-cures.

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Morris, Henry, M.D., and Bastedo, W.A., M.D.,
Essentials of Materia Medica
&c., arranged in the form of
Questions and Answers
adapted to the 8th rev. of the
U.S. Pharmacopoeia, pub. by
W.B. Saunders, Philadelphia,
 1907

415 **THE VICTORIAN WRITER HENRY** Bright had a drunken butler whom he at length had to sack. "I'm writing you a 'character,'" he said, "saying you are honest and good at your job, but I can't bring myself to say that you are sober." "Don't you think, sir," answered the butler, "that you might say, 'frequently sober'?"

Louis Kronenberger,
The Cutting Edge, 1970

416 **POT HOBBY NOT HABIT** button, 1960s

417 **I TAKES MY PIPE, I TAKES MY POT** [of liquor—Ed].
 And drunk I'm never seen to be
 I'm no teetotaler, or sot,
 And as I am I mean to be
 Gilbert

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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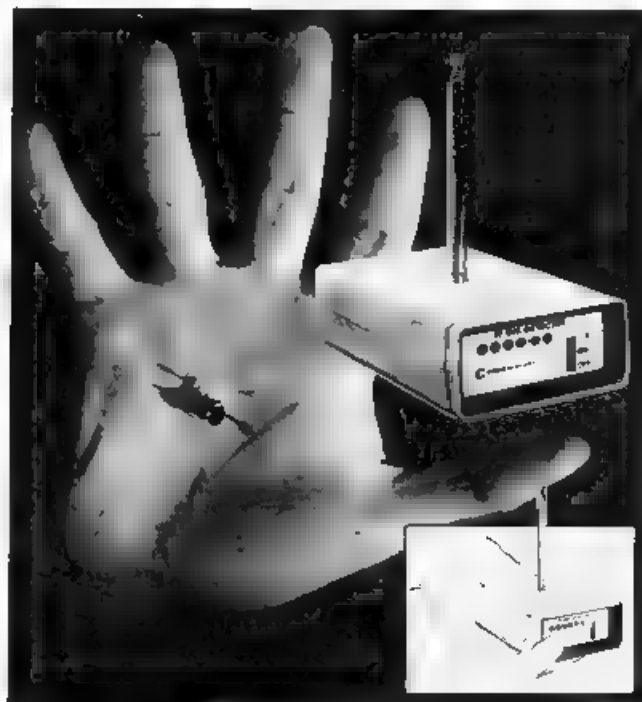
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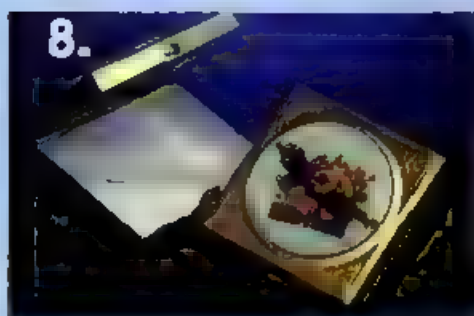
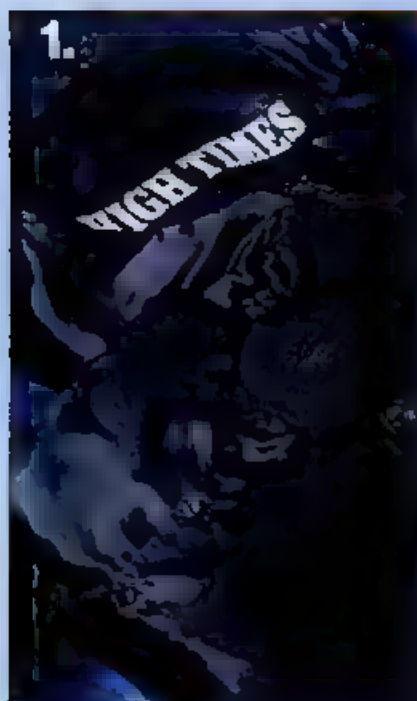
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THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

Bile syrup on the jokes of a great comedian.



Manny Hyman had been in show business since he was 16, four decades of that and he still didn't have a pot to puke in. He was working part of the floor show at the Sheersing Hotel. He, Manny, was the "comedy." Vegns wasn't what it used to be; the money had gone on to Atlantic City where things were fresher, newer. Then, too, there was the goddamned recession.

"A recession," he told them, "is kind of like when your wife runs off with somebody. A depression is when somebody brings her back. Somebody brought mine back, and I don't have a pot to puke in. Now, there's a laugh there somewhere, and when I find it I'll let you know so you can start your cachinnations."

Manny sat in the dressing room nipping at a pint of vodka. He sat in front of the mirror. Hair quite receded; shiny forehead; a nose that seemed to slide down and to the left; and dark Jewish face.

Shit, he thought, I guess it's bad for almost everybody. You keep slowing down but you gotta keep going. Either that or your neck on the railroad track.

There was a rap on the door.

"Come in," he said, "there's nothing but space here and some Jewish vegetation."

It was Joe. Joe Silver. Joe managed the act. Joe pulled a chair over, sat down on it backwards, resting his arms on the chair-back and looking at Manny. Joe had been running acts as long as

Manny had been working them. They almost looked alike except that Joe didn't look as poor.

Joe sighed, reached around and rubbed the back of his neck.

"You go out there now, Manny, and your stuff seems real bitter. Maybe you been in the game too long and it's turning on you. You know, I can remember when you were still funny. You used to make me laugh. You even made the crowd laugh. That doesn't seem to be so long ago—"

"Oh yeah?" grinned Manny. "You mean last night, huh, Joe?"

"I don't even mean last year. I mean, I don't even remember when."

"Ah, come on, Joe, it's not *that* bad," Manny said, still looking in the mirror.

"There's nobody out there, Manny. You're not bringing 'em in. Your whole act is so flat you can slide it under a door."

"But can you slide it under a *sliding* door?"

We got a revolving door here, Manny. It spins you right out into the avenue.

Manny turned and looked at Joe.

"What's this you're giving me, Joe? I'm one of the great comics of the age! I got the clippings to prove it. 'One of the Great Comics of the Age!' You know that!"

"That was the Ice Age, Manny. This is now! We gotta have more people at the tables. I could go out there now and throw five pounds of dry rice and not hit anybody!"

Maybe the people don't like rice, Joe. Maybe the people like their rice cooked.

Joe shook his head. "Manny, you're just going out there like a bitter old man. People *know* the world is shit! They want to *forget* that."

Manny took a hit of the vodka. "You're right, Joe. I don't know what happens to me. You know, we got soup lines in this country now, it's just like the '30s. I go out there and look at those porks eating and drinking, and they're *dumb*, they're really dumb. What right have they got to the money? I don't understand any of it."

The big drunk rolled toward Manny through the sound. Manny kicked out and got him in the balls.

Joe reached out and touched Manny on the arm. "Look, get that shit out of your head. Your job isn't to improve the country. Your job is to get up the belly laughs—"

"Yeah, I know."

"You know I like you, Manny, as a person. I know you blow your pay at the tables. I don't mind that. You gotta have an outlet. And I don't mind the vodka—as long as you produce. But A.J. told me I gotta have more full tables or I'm finished as a promoter here. You're not making them laugh anymore, Manny! And now it's my ass! And I ain't laughing either. I'm thinking of bringing in that kid, Benny Blue. He not only does jokes but he does dirty tricks with soap bubbles."

"That kid's low-grade, a low-grade jerk, Joe. You heard what he did the other day? He got coked and pissed on one of the chambermaids. Then he gave her five bucks and told her to come back the next day for an encore!"

"I heard. But the kid's good on the boards. And that's what I'm concerned about!"

"I don't use coke, Joe—"

"I don't care what you use! I care what you do! Your name is in the lights outside and there aren't any people at the tables—"

"Fuck! Haven't you heard? There's a recession, Joe!"

"And, please, Manny, no more recession jokes! Every night, so many recession jokes! You make the people feel bad! They wanna laugh! There's something wrong out there, Manny, they aren't coming in!"

Manny took another hit of the vodka turned around and faced Joe. "Well, let me tell ya then! It's that goddamned chorus! You've had the same girls in the same costumes for three or four seasons! Their tits are beginning to sag! Their asses have grown fatter and bigger than the national debt! And—they're hooking after hours! 'The Swannettes,' hell! You ought to rename them 'The Herpes Girls

from Hades'! Nobody wants to watch a batch of diseased prosties kick their legs in rhythm!"

"I can't get new costumes, Manny! You know how much one of those costumes costs?"

"Well, at least put something new into those old costumes."

"Manny, that ain't the problem. You're the problem! You either have to get it up or you're out! I'll have to go for Benny Blue and his Dirty Bubbles!"

"Get it up? Get it up?"

"It's just an expression. I mean, I want you to get your act up off the floor. And, if it's your ass or mine, it's gotta be yours."

"Thanks, Joe."

"I guess you know, Ginny has breast cancer. I got hospital bills up my ass."

"I heard." Manny held the bottle out to Joe. "Have some vodka."

"Thanks, Manny."

Joe took a hit.

"Listen, Manny, how'd you do at the tables last night?"

"You're not going to believe this, but I hit for a grand and a half."

"Beautiful! But, listen, Manny—"

"Yeah?"

"You better keep it in your pocket." Joe stood up. "Well, not only break a leg, break two legs and a collarbone!"

"How about a fractured fibula?"

"That too."

Manny sat before the mirror, well into the bottle. He could hear the male solo out there singing some dripping love ballad. They never razed those jerkoffs. The ladies loved it and the men endured, just feeling glad that they weren't that guy. That guy, Manny had met. A Pasadena City College dropout with sideburns down to his asshole. The fucker drank vanilla malts and played the slot machines with the grandmothers. He had about as much class as an alley cat's bungalow.

There was a knock on the door. "You're on, Manny."

He took a good hit, looked into the mirror and then stuck his tongue out at himself. The tongue was a rather gray-white. He quickly sucked it back in.

Out there, it was bright and hot. Manny let his eyes adjust, saw maybe five or six couples at the tables. The place had 26 tables. All the couples looked drunk and sullen. The couples weren't speaking to each other. They didn't move except to lift their drinks, put them down, order more.

"Well, hello there, my friends," Manny began. "You know, there isn't much difference between me and Johnny Carson. Carson wears a new suit each night and you never see him in the same suit again. I wonder what he does with all those suits. One thing I know: He doesn't give them to Ed McMahon."

Silence

"Ed McMahon is too big for Carson's suits, get it? Sure, you do. But I guess that wasn't very funny. Well, I like to work toward my humor slowly, rather creep up on it, you know—"

"I hope to hell you find it before sunrise!" a huge drunk yelled from the back of the room.

Manny peered past the lights into the darkness. "Ah, I see you, my friend. My, you're a big asshole! You're such a big asshole they could jam the Queen Mary up your rectum and there'd still be room enough for the Easter Parade!"

"You're pretty fucking drab!" the huge drunk yelled back. "Can't you even do a little tap dance?"

"I—" Manny began

"Or better yet, do a disappearing act!" another drunk yelled.

The small audience applauded wildly.

Manny waited until they were finished. "Now," he said, "I know you fellows are unhappy because your girlfriends are sleeping with the Japs and the Arabs and you've had to sell your Volkswagens to meet next month's mortgage payments, but I'm here to make you laugh in spite of yourselves—"

"Go ahead and do it then, you kosher-eating cocksucker!"

"I wish to thank you for telling what you think I am. Now, if you will stop finger-fucking your ladies under the tablecloth I'll start in with my act—"

"I hope you do! It's almost sunrise!"

"Okay then, have you heard the one about the chocolate soldier who went to bed with the chocolate mail-order girl?"

"Yes!"

"All right, then, have you heard the one about President Reagan and Nancy's big surprise for him?"

"You told that last night!"

"You were here last night?"

"Yes!"

"And you're here tonight?"

"Yes!"

"Well, fucker, that makes two of us who are very foolish. The only difference being that you're the bigger fool because I'm getting paid!"

"Yeah. And if I come here tomorrow night and you're still here, I'm the one who

ought to be getting paid!"

The audience applauded. Manny waited until they were finished.

"The only difference between you people and the people in the graveyard is that you're sitting up."

"And the only difference between your act and a graveyard is that in a graveyard there's no cover charge!"

There was some laughter. Manny blinked.

"Hey, where did you people come from? Out of the womb or what?"

"We came from the womb! What's your excuse?"

Manny pulled the mike out of the stand, took the speaker with cord and sat on the edge of the stage, legs dangling. He pulled out the vodka, drained it, tossed the bottle off.

"Hey, I really like you people. You got a lot of shit going. You know, I used to run with Lenny Bruce—"

"No wonder he OD'd!"

"And all you lovely ladies! Where did all you lovely ladies come from? You look to me like you came from the Wax Museum. You must need candles for your pussies—"

"You ain't funny, Jew boy! You just can't talk about my girl that way!"

It was the huge drunk at the back of the room. He rose from his table. He was magnificent in his hugeness. Like a tidal wave of flesh he moved toward Manny. Manny couldn't seem to move.

The stage lights blinked off. Then on again. The orchestra struck it up. The chorus girls came out with their big cans and sagging tits. They kicked it up and the music was loud.

The big drunk rolled toward Manny through the sound. Just as he got close Manny kicked out and got him in the balls. The big guy screamed but didn't drop. He held himself, but as Manny turned and stood up to run off the big drunk managed to reach out, get Manny by the cuff of his left pants leg and pull him off the stage. Manny landed flat, and the big drunk picked him up, held Manny high over his head, then slammed him full force upon an empty table, and as the security guards rushed the huge drunk the girls kicked their legs as high as they could.

Benny Blue had entered a moment earlier. He stood in the entrance way. And as always he had his bubble kit with him. He went to it. He blew a limp dick with sagging balls. It floated off over the commotion. A new star was being born. Such things were needed. □

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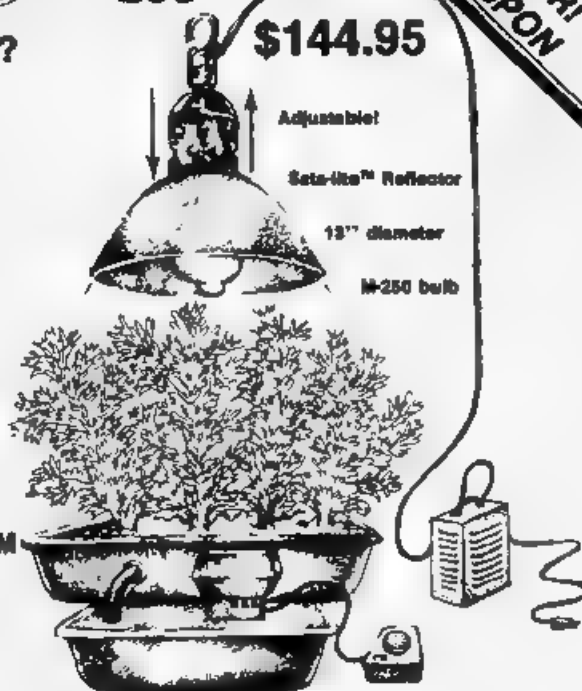
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SNITCHES

/ continued from page 79

just a situation where somebody got led along. An investigation was begun, and it took on a life of its own, and got completely out of hand. And unfortunately it can't be stopped at this point, because too many people have been hurt. After the cases are disposed of and the lawsuits start, I think Josephine County is going to be very sorry they ever heard about a certain person."

Having already spent \$15,000 on dope, and \$8,000 on Richard Lee Johnson just for the investigation, and looking at \$90,000 down and regular witness-protection payments for years and years to come, plus special-duty pay for all Johnson's backup cops over six months; plus jail, transport, court and jury fees for all the defendants, and facing a *mother lode* of damage suits that will have to be defended and settled, well—it sure would seem that poor, sorrowful Josephine County got more woefully stung than any of the designated victims in this brave new adventure in drug-law enforcement.

It's really not *typical*, though? Josephine is not the *only* county in Oregon to get stung like this by "overzealous" and incredibly malicious drug-law enforcers. All last winter, way up north on the Washington State border, another free-lance confidential informant named Mark Caven—his actual Christian name—was colluding with the district attorney of Wasco County to snap up everybody in the region who even *knew* anyone who smoked dope! Unlike Johnson, Caven was not local folk, but from up around Seattle. Like Johnson, though, Mark Caven fully recognized that the everlasting depression in the lumber industry has seduced untold numbers of backwoods folk into the vice of sinsemilla husbandry.

So in the slush and shiver of a depression winter in the Columbia valley, Mark Caven set up a nice cozy employment office, receptionist and all, in The Dalles, on Wasco district attorney Bernie Smuth's tab. And he advertised in the help-wanted columns of the *Dalles Chronicle* and other area papers. *JOBS!* A big old construction company was coming in to work on the Dalles dam,

and was eager to start hiring men, women and children. Jobs for all, jobs for years, get 'em while they're open, \$37.50 an hour to start!

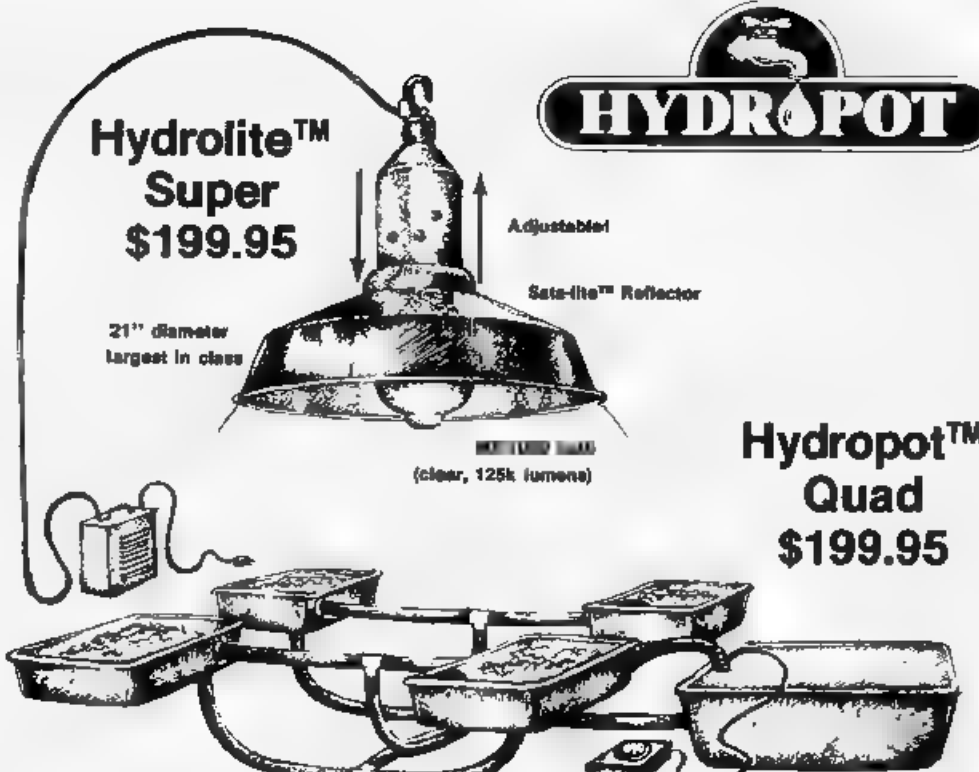
And people for hundreds of miles around got into their four-wheel-drives and schlepped, on their own gas both ways, to Mark Caven's employment office in The Dalles, to be induced to commit drug crimes.

He was quite wonderful at it, really. After the applicants had filled out extensive employment forms (for the benefit of the Wasco County Sheriff's Department), each was extensively interviewed in Caven's private office, which was wired up like the White House, of course. And Caven would play a deliciously psychopathic carrot-and-stick number on each one of them, dangling a lifetime's security before them and whisking it away, and so on, until they were sweating properly. And finally he'd say, "Well, I could hire you right away, but there's a couple of other people just as qualified for this particular slot. I don't know how to choose, just offhand, but—y'know, I sure would like to buy some *marijuana*! Would you know anybody who's got some for sale?"

Incredibly, most people *didn't* know where he could buy any dope! But 28 of them did, and agreed to take his big wad of buy money and go fetch some for him. And as soon as they *touched* that filthy police money, bingo! A deputy from Sheriff Bob Brown's office would step in to read them their Mirandas, and invite them to evade prosecution by assisting the police in setting up whomever they'd been thinking of buying sinsemilla marijuana from.

Now, if you want to deeply poison the social relations in any American community, this is just the very best way to go about that. Luckily for the Columbia watershed, Mark Caven was psycho enough to come on to all the pretty girls who applied for office work, intimating forcefully that in lieu of any marijuana, a good long blowjob would be just the *thing* to get them hired. And they told their husbands and boyfriends, and everybody started to compare notes on this fishy, disgusting bastard with his big old invisible construction company. By the time word got around that Mark Caven was bust-

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VIDEODROME

Cronenberg's new film takes a blood 'n' guts blast at the video revolution, flavored by Deb Harry's fab nude flesh!

"After 3,000 years of explosion, by means of fragmentary and mechanical technologies, the Western World is imploding. During the mechanical ages we had extended our bodies in space. Today, after more than a century of electric technology, we have extended our central nervous system itself in a global embrace, abolishing both space and time as far as our planet is concerned. Rapidly, we approach the final phase of the extensions of man—the technological simulation of consciousness, when the creative process of knowing will be collectively and corporately extended to the whole of human society, much as we have already extended our senses and our nerves by the various media..."

—Marshall McLuhan
(Understanding Media)

So said the late Canadian culture-philosopher almost two decades ago. And so, too—in different, less sanguine tones, more despairing and dark—says another Canadian: B-movie horror maestro David Cronenberg. Cronenberg's new movie, *Videodrome*, shows the electronic extensions of man gone wild. Psychopathology is plugged into the circuits, brain cancer streams along the cathodes and diodes; a video spiderweb of sadistic sex and violence entangles the audience—snaring them in a nightmare of mind control, madness, murder and death. "Cool Media" has gone hot, it's eruptive, diseased. It bubbles like a tumor: McLuhan's "Global Village" is about to fall into barbarism and insanity. *Videodrome* is in some ways a black joke on McLuhan's media ruminations, in others a serious, and really disquieting, bending of that thesis into ultimate paranoia. Cheerfully, wrily, with a master's cold eye, Cronenberg plays God along with his villains and victims: using his own technological wizardry and cinematic cunning to scramble our senses, clot our perceptions, overload our systems—and leave us dangling over a gulf of death and dissolution.

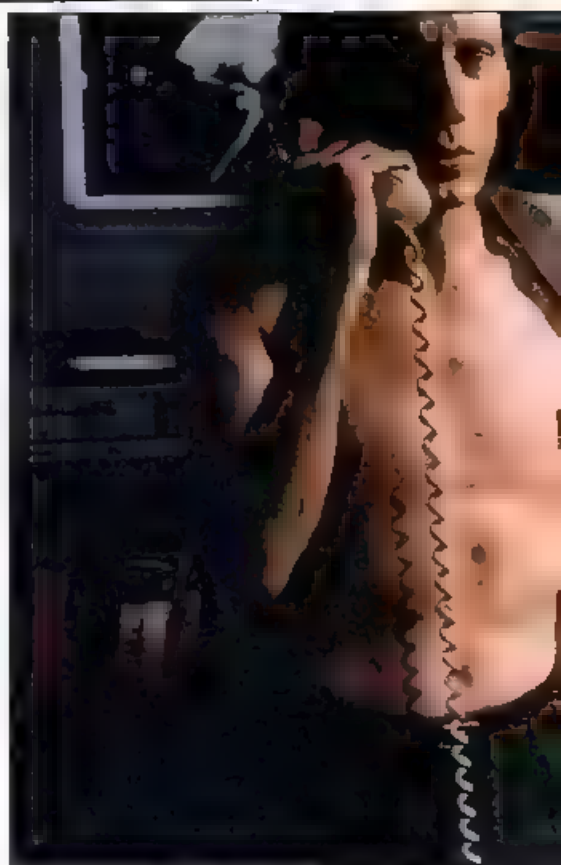
Videodrome's central character (virtually its center of consciousness) is a

slightly seedy, energetic video entrepreneur named Max Renn. Renn runs a cable-TV station in Toronto. He specializes in soft-core porn, kinky sex, anything slightly off-the-edge. When attacked for his social irresponsibility, he defends his material as a harmless outlet for society's inner pressures and hidden fantasies.

Renn, of course, is being disingenuous; he's really in it for the cash and the kicks—and when his assistant "accidentally" monitors an outlaw satellite broadcast emanating from somewhere near Pittsburgh, he's convinced he's onto something hot. The outlaw program—called "Videodrome," naturally—consists exclusively of scenes of extreme torture and sexual mutilation, shot in an eerie red-walled room. Max finds "Videodrome" fascinating, and becomes determined to uncover its source and somehow get it on his schedule. He ignores warnings that "Videodrome" is truly an outlaw program—homegrown snuff porn for the jaded elite. He ignores even the disappearance of his girlfriend, Nicki: a succulent masochist who wields a mean razor, crushes out cigarettes on her breasts—and decides that she was born to appear on "Videodrome." Finally, he traces the broadcast to a mysteri-

ous media figure named "Dr. Brian O'Blivion," a McLuhanesque academic who consents to appear only on television (and then, only on prerecorded cassettes).

Up to this point, *Videodrome* might seem standard latter-day film noir; albeit loaded with stinging low-life atmosphere, and boasting an excellent, tense, nervy performance by James Woods as Max (and a magnetic one by Debbie Harry, pulsing with twisted promiscuity as Nicki). But when Max uncovers Brian O'Blivion at his bizarre headquarters (the "Cathode Ray Mission," where bum volunteers are forced an experimental video diet), the movie veers off into a cinematic psychosis of extraordinary intensity and wild imagination. "Videodrome," it seems, is not just snuff porn—it's a radical and dangerous tool for altering the nature of man himself, mutating him into something else. The broadcasts contain hidden signals that induce permanent, fatal brain tumors and successions of vivid, and increasingly psychotic, hallucinations. Max—exposed to the signal—begins hallucinating himself, and, from then on, Cronenberg's movie becomes a masterpiece of eerie, revolting and macabre special effects. We become trapped inside Max's crazed





David Cronenberg (right) seems almost insultingly young to have picked up his rep: he has the easy, lucid, loquacious manner of a grad student in Lit or Science (which he recently was). Here are his comments on love, death, the media, horror as art, and how *Alien* ripped him off. **James Woods** (left), who played the psychopathic killer in *The Onion Field*, teams up with Debbie Harry to haunt the cable-TV wires with a snuff porn show called "Videodrome."



consciousness, as his life becomes a paranoid maze of fear and destruction, while on TV, the apparently murdered Nicki beckons him constantly on, a flickering, moist electronic vision, a siren call to slaughter and oblivion. As Max's insanity crescendos, as the slaughter begins to spiral up, we can never be sure whether he is lost in some cancerous nightmare—or whether the nightmare has become flesh.

Videodrome's ingeniously lunatic special effects are by the ubiquitous Rick Baker (the creator of De Laurentiis's *King Kong*, the Oscar-winning transformations in *An American Werewolf in London* and the scene-stealing cantina aliens in *Star Wars*). Along with Rob Bottin (*The Howling*, *The Thing*) and Tom Savini (*Dawn of the Dead*), Baker is obviously one of the geniuses of this stomach-churning profession: his effects here include TV sets that pullulate and throb like hideous organs or man-eating plants; arms that blaze and explode into bloody stumps; and—most memorably—a moment when the "hero" suddenly plunges his gun into the seething red mess of his own guts. Baker's scintillating effects—and the constant out-of-kilter mix Cronenberg creates between "reality" and video, "reality" and tortured dream—both

horrify you and cast you in a curious limbo. Where really is Max, this sordid, seedy little TV entrepreneur? And where is his audience... we ourselves?

Like Max Renn, Cronenberg has been something of a media outlaw. His previous films—like *Scanners*, *Shivers*, *The Brood* and *Rabid*—have included exploding heads, gouts and geysers of blood, rabies-stricken killers, and one memorable moment when Samantha Eggar devours her own afterbirth. His movies are sometimes reviewed as fragments of social pathology, but many horror aficionados rank him near the top (he has been a Grand Prize winner at the International Festival of Horror and Fantasy Films in Spain). *Videodrome*—after the box-office success of *Scanners*—is his "breakthrough" movie: expensively budgeted, with Debbie Harry, lavish production and camera tricks galore. It may, in fact, be too bizarre, too viscerally scary, to break through with some critics (the same ones so myopically nauseated by John Carpenter's *The Thing*). But it's probably Cronenberg's most lethal, brilliant movie yet; his most disquieting excursion into the dark realms of the id; and a fascinating extrapolation on modern media—how it does more than Milton can to justify Hell's ways to man.

HIGH TIMES: One of the most fascinating things about *Videodrome* is the way it raises the question about how media—especially sex and violence in media—affects people. What are your feelings about that?

CRONENBERG: Well, it's Max's own fascination with it, though, that takes him inside. And I really think—I mean, I have talked about this before, because, of course, I've been on panel shows like [the one in the movie] myself, and I've given answers that are similar, in some ways, to what Max says—although I'm aware that it's a very complex question. The people who are near-psychotic, and who are going to go into psychosis when they are triggered off... They trigger themselves off. They find something that will trigger them.

Who would have thought that Charles Manson would have found something in a Beatles song to tell him to go kill Sharon Tate? There's no way that anyone could have anticipated Charles Manson's interpretation of *Helter Skelter*, it's not possible. And I think that people that can't, really, tell the difference between fantasy and reality—they are critically psychotic. So, I don't really believe that movie violence in the extreme—or television violence—will trigger people off to psychotic acts, or turn normal people into psychotics, or anything of the sort. People who are relatively normal have self-censoring devices. Kids turn off things they don't want to see, or turn away from things they don't want to see. I

have two kids, you know; when something's too scary for them, they don't watch it.

But what I'm really talking about, more than that, is... The character O'Blivion is really modeled, very loosely, on Marshall McLuhan. What McLuhan was trying to do, and what O'Blivion is saying, is that we really do create our own world for ourselves, which we live in, and which feels very real—and, in this case, I'm talking about the world of the media. For example, in Toronto, which is very nonviolent, you find people walking around as paranoid as if they were living in some place like Beirut—because they have all the violence, and all the craziness, and all the potential madness of the world right inside their heads. But, if they were not exposed to media, they would live in a totally different world. McLuhan talked about a "Global Village"—and he didn't talk about it as being necessarily a positive thing, either—and that's really what the movie's about, on that level. It's not merely about the effect of television violence on somebody who watches it—

HT: But the film is also about a sinister conspiracy to enslave people through television—which an extreme moralist might view as the *redictio ad absurdum* of the media's power to corrupt society.

DC: Well, that's right. I was trying to find someone who looked a little like Jim Baker for the guy who plays Convex, because he really is a kind of Moral Majority type who's gone over the deep end himself—and in his attempt to cleanse the world of what he considers to be filth and immorality, he actually uses it, and creates more of it. As he says: Why would anyone watch a scum show like "Videodrome"?—and this is the guy who made the show. Basically, he's saying that anyone who watches the show deserves to die, deserves to be destroyed. That's a fairly cynical attitude.

HT: Rick Baker's special effects in *Videodrome* are especially gruesome and effective.

DC: When I write a script, I try to not worry about how it's done; I just write what I want to see on the screen. Of course you confront reality, and you confront budgets—and that's why having someone like Rick Baker work on your film is really exciting.

HT: Is there anything you imagined that he couldn't get for you?

DC: Well, it sort of doesn't work that way. To be completely literal, I could



Photographs courtesy of Universal City Studios, Inc.



Televisions throb like living organisms, TV shows come in for the kill; McLuhan's theories turn to nightmares in the prophetic film, *Videodrome*

say: Yeah, there were a couple of things I imagined he couldn't get for me. But, if we had enough time, and enough money, I know he *could* have. It's really a question of synthesis.

HT: James Woods gives a really good performance, by the way—

DC: I think so, too. This is what I wanted to get to, because, for a huge amount of the film, Jimmy was totally involved with the effects—and so much of what makes the stuff work is his acting. Much more than just the makeup, it's his acting. You know, for half the film, there's no special effects. It's *all* acting. There are many, many scenes that are just straight dialogue scenes. For me, this was an extremely important film in terms of acting—much more so than *Scanners*, because *Scanners* was more of an action film (with lots of chases and car crashes). But, if you think about *this* film, it's really very intimate.

HT: I'm ashamed to admit it, but I haven't seen your earlier movies. Could you give me a rundown, or a guide?

DC: Well, *Shivers*—which, in the States was called *They Came from Within*—was my first movie, per se, as opposed to my first film (I had done some underground films). It was my first professional film. It cost \$185,000, and it became a kind of "cult" film on its own, and made quite a bit of money. And *Rabid* was the next one I did. That was with Marilyn Chambers, her first and only "legit" film—

HT: She was going to do *City Blues* for Nicholas Ray, right before the tax shelter was axed—

DC: That's right. In fact, we heard about her interest in doing that "straight" movie, and we heard that it fell through; and that's one of the reasons that we tried to get her—because that was the only indication we had

that she was interested in doing something like that. And I was very happy with her; she's really good. So I was kind of surprised that she didn't follow it up, because, at the time, she certainly wanted to. . . *Rabid* was kind of almost, in a strange way, a sequel to *They Came from Within*. If you see *Shivers* and *Rabid*, you'll see that they have been, in fact, very influential. I mean, many of the things that made *Alien* so striking were total ripoffs of *Shivers* and *Rabid*. HT: *Alien*'s big moment is probably the thing ripping out of John Hurt's chest—DC: Right. Well, that's in *Shivers*. *Shivers* is about parasites who live in your body, control you; pass from mouth to mouth when people kiss, and are very big. And when they can't pass from mouth to mouth, they burst out of your che... stomach, and attach onto other people's faces, and have a corrosive fluid that burns and smokes. Well, you know—if you see that, you'll see where a lot of *Alien* came from. And this isn't subtle stuff. I mean, it's right there on the screen. . . And, in fact, some of the stuff that Dick Smith later developed with bladders that swell in sequence, to give the effect of motion—the kind that he used in *Exorcist*, but mainly in *Altered States*—were first used by a guy named Joe Belasco, who runs a make-up school, still, in L.A.—they were developed by him for *Shivers*.

HT: Which directors have influenced you?

DC: It might sound arrogant to say—but it's not really arrogance—I don't really think that I've been influenced by anybody in particular. I like Martin Scorsese; I think he's one of the best that America has got, by a long shot. I'm always fascinated by guys like Coppola, and even Spielberg—although I think we're talking about a different kind of art there. But, in terms of somebody who is just, for sure, one of the greats, I think Scorsese is definitely it, in North America—if you're talking about a body of work. There are individual films by various directors—and many—that have struck me. But, in terms of being consistently...brilliant, I guess, Scorsese is the word, for me.

HT: What was it like working with Debbie Harry?

DC: She was suggested to me by one of my producers, as someone who could play that role. I hadn't thought of her before that, because I really didn't know her very well, certainly didn't know her as an actress. But, from the stills I'd seen of her, I thought she had

the right look for that role. So, I went to New York and met her—because it turned out she was interested in doing it—met her and Chris; and I saw *Union City* (which I liked—I saw it twice, in fact). And then she came up to Toronto, and she auditioned—and I thought she could do it. I thought she would be very good in it. So that's how she came to be in the movie.

She said that she and her agents had all agreed that the next thing she should do should be a light comedy—and then suddenly she ended up playing *Video-drome*, not a light comedy, which was a surprise to them all. But she obviously had some empathy for the project, and understood the character very well, I think. And it worked out beautifully.

Now, she was not very experienced in terms of acting, particularly compared with somebody like Jimmy Woods. But she was totally easy to work with. I mean, she's very sweet. I don't know if you know her, but she's very introverted; she's not the slightest bit exhibitionistic—which is very strange for a rock performer, never mind an actor. She seems very shy; and she worked very hard. She and Jimmy got along well, and that was important, because, you know, she's certainly famous—and there are actors who could be very competitive, or intimidated by the fact that: Here is Debbie Harry, who is famous, but not as an actress. You know, there are bad things that could have happened—and didn't. I think Jimmy was terrific, and he was totally supportive of her. So, it was really a delight. HT: Did you want someone with a very definite, or even preset video persona for the part?

DC: No, not particularly. I really was approaching her as an actress, and, of course, as a face that would work, a persona that would work. But, if you look at her in *Union City*, she is playing someone very dowdy and drab, a kind of New Jersey housewife.

You know, when I think of a movie—of course you think of what kind of chemistry is exciting, and of course you think of what kind of chemistry is exciting to the public—but, for me, what's more important is what kind of chemistry is exciting on the set, and on the screen—because I hope that the movie still works twenty years from now. And Debbie—who knows what Blondie will be, then. People are going to see this on their screens—whether they be television screens or something else—and it should still work. And it shouldn't be

dependent on Debbie's cachet as a rock star and a video popette, or whatever. . . I mean, she's got great cheekbones, and terrific bone structure and lips, and has a very striking presence on screen; and that's really what I was looking at.

HT: Was this as equally pleasant a surprise as working with Marilyn Chambers in *Rabid*?

DC: I guess it was. I suppose I expected less of Marilyn, because... she, to me, was not a performer in the sense that Debbie is a performer. I guess it's true that Marilyn was at the top of her own particular genre of, uh, filmmaking, but I haven't really equated the two. They're such very different kinds of people—I guess it's very hard for me to compare. I suppose I wasn't really as surprised with Debbie. I expected more from her.

HT: Do you have any desire to break out of the horror genre?

DC: Well, I already have, with *Fast Company*, which was an action film about drag-racing. I have no qualms about considering anything. But, when I start to seriously consider doing a picture, there's got to be really something in it that connects to my deepest guts—because, you know, you're going to be locked in for anywhere from one to two years (especially if you're writing it yourself) before you're finished—and even more than that, really. So you better really want to do it, or else you won't have the energy to carry it through, that's the way I feel about it. So, when I'm writing my own stuff, I tend to get into certain kinds of bizarre imagery, and certain themes—and it's just because they obviously attract me.

HT: You've said that you don't see horror films as simple escapism, but as "art"; as "films of confrontation... films that make you confront aspects of your own life that are difficult to face." Could you expand on that?

DC: Even for children, who are fascinated by horror films, it's kind of a rehearsal for their own fight against violence and death. It's play, but it's play that's a rehearsal for some of the tougher aspects of adult life. I think that's why kids, in particular, are drawn to horror films—because they deal with things like death and separation and disease and the nasty aspects of life after death—or the question if there is one. Horror films deal with very primal things, which every one of us has to deal with in his own way. And it seems to be very difficult for most people to do that. □

ing every fifth person he interviewed, and there weren't any damned jobs, and it was all just some ugly cop ripoff—then Wasco district attorney Bernie Smith laid a sweet five-figure sum on Caven and whisked him out of town. And Caven proceeded to pull his employment-agency sting with two other Oregon county district attorneys. Finally, he offered his services to the city of San Francisco, and got so famous down there that he was on telly and in all the Bay Area papers for weeks. But *this* psycho wouldn't go into the marshal's program to save his life. He loves his work, the money and the blowjobs, and nobody's going to grease anybody away over a two-bit pot bust anyhow. If his work makes him a national celebrity, that's just icing on the cake for Mark Caven.

Meanwhile, in poor, sorrowful Wasco County, District Attorney Smith is *still* insisting it was all a fabulous piece of top-notch police work. Look at the cover *Newsweek* ran during the harvest last fall, for God's sake. They actually got some asshole to put on a fear-some red full-face ski mask and go stand in a pot patch holding up a big black M-16. *Terrorists*, that's what those sinsemilla farmers are! Gun-toting, ski-masked, child-molesting terrorists. Bernie Smith filled up a good deal of newspaper space and air time with exactly this sort of caterwauling, before someone explained the meaning of the words "entrapment" and "financial duress" to him, and he dropped all the charges against all those unemployed Oregon people. The county so far has managed to settle out of court for four-figure token damages for about half of them, but there's still at least one \$100,000 suit being expensively litigated. The county's corporate liability-insurance rates have gone through the roof, and it all comes out of the pockets of the poor, sorrowful Wasco taxpayers who elected Bernie Smith and Bob Brown to begin with.

Oregon, after all, was the first state to "decriminalize" possession of less than an ounce of marijuana, 10 years ago. *Police Product News*, of all publications,

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ran a fine review of Oregon's experience with decrim last fall*, and concluded that it's worked very well indeed, and taken a considerable burden off the work load and conscience of every *honest* policeman in the state. No decrim law anywhere, y'see, *prohibits* the police from busting weed in any quantity. If a cop can *see* your stash, the cop can bust it. But decrim relieves them from the *obligation* to seek out and bust people for personal stashes of weed, and that is a real convenience for cops. When the Moral Majority types make a big squawk about imaginary children being corrupted and poisoned by *Newsweek's* terrorist hippies, the cops—who know better—no longer have to go round up everyone who wears skanky Levi's, just to be seen to be doing their jobs. This no longer is their job in Oregon, and the honest police there obviously feel better for it.

Decrim in Oregon has had its other salient benefits too, over the last 10 years. About 500,000 Americans were arrested for pot in 1982, but only 7,600 of them were in Oregon. That means a very substantial savings in public court costs, even if you have to count in all that expensive entrapment in Josephine and Wasco. After 10 years of decrim, there are no more marijuana smokers per capita in Oregon than anywhere else in the country. Grass use among the state's ever-endangered children is actually declining at a rate more *rapid* than anywhere else in the United States; and, as the National Academy of Sciences diagnosed in its *Analysis of Marijuana Policy* last spring, these kids get a special extra benefit from decrim. When a teenage kid gets busted for a few joints of weed, the NAS noted, and winds up with a lifelong "narcotics" record, that kid is liable to carry a deeply cynical and antagonistic attitude toward the law forever. This is a real and major problem in the 39 states that *haven't* adopted decrim, the NAS specifically noted mainly because teenage kids are busted *much* more often than potsmoking adults, and are given a much tougher time by the courts, to "teach them a lesson" (What you are reading is largely the result of exactly one such lesson back when yours truly was 18 years old, 18 years ago.) This wholesale alienation of youth shouldn't be a problem anymore in Oregon.

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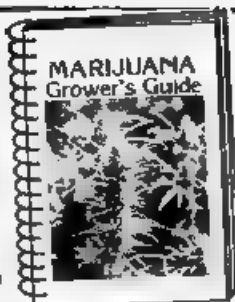
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thanks to decrim; and it *wouldn't* be a problem, either, if jackasses like the Josephine County narcotics squad weren't so susceptible to sweet-talking smiches like Richard Lee Johnson.

Decrim is certainly not responsible for the sinsemilla syndrome in Oregon. That's the work of economic catastrophe, plain and simple and anyhow, they grow just as much sinse up in Washington, where there's *no* decrim law, and the local cops in the Cascades are just as conniving, malicious and stupid in their efforts to obstruct the syndrome. Marijuana, now as always drives no one more crazy than the people who never smoke it, but who *do* feel obliged to wipe it out for the sake of the children.

And the "children," now as always, is really only a word that comes out of the mouths of narcs to justify their atrocious and expensive incompetence. The *real* reason for Richard Lee Johnson and Mark Caven last year—and for the troop-lift Hueys full of National Guardsmen which the Drug Enforcement Administration has promised sheriffs in 25 states for *this* year's autumn harvest—is money. Last year's sinsemilla harvest pulled in *\$10 billion* in just six weeks. The police find this acutely embarrassing, especially since they can't do Jack Shit about it. So they have to be *seen* to be doing something, and this is what they're doing, turning every fifth hillbilly into a Bolshevik-style police informant, and putting a surveillance helicopter over every middlesex, village and farm. And none of that's going to do a damned bit of good either, except to drive up weed prices for the benefit of all us M-16-toting, child molesting, terrorist sinsemilla moguls.

Concludes the inexhaustible Richard Lee Johnson: "In this particular county or area there's no way you can control it with the employment rate that's going. And the only way you're gonna stop it is not with punishment. It is to make it," he says with all sweet reason, "readily available. And put a tax on it."

**Police Product News, October 1982*
Mucho gracias to HIGH TIMES Headmaster Kurt Priebe for the Xerox
Suggested Further Reading: "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg," by Mark Twain

RAIDERS

/ continued from page 40

we eliminated his competition. We'd be practically acting as his fucking body-guard.

"It doesn't make us happy that the entire budget of the DEA, Customs, the FBI and all the joint strike forces and task forces we're funding down here—hundreds of millions—is going for us to act as kind of hired hands to protect Tom Forcade's smuggling monopoly. It doesn't make us happy at all. It makes us so unhappy, we've decided to concentrate on nothing else until we nail that little fucker to the wall for good this time. That's what operation BEL-2 is all about."

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"And do you know another thing we think R?"

"I'm listening," I said, secretly pleased at this incredible vision of a still-living Forcade leading a resurrected Brotherhood of Love.

"The other thing we think is that you're gonna be our bait. You're gonna lead us to your friend Tom so we can break up this empire of his for good." He glanced at Terry and Ricky.

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